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## Ednam and the Poet of "The Seasons."



DNAM is only a small village in Roxburghshire, but it has acquired world-wide fame. To many it is known only as the birth-place of the author of "The Seasons," and that is

no mean honour. The village, however, is famous for its age, not that the houses which now form the habitations of its little community bear upon them "the hoar antiquity of eld," but no place can be traced further back by written documentary evidence.

The charter room at Durham contains the deed of King Edgar (1096-1107), granting to Thorlongus ("Thor the Long," so named on account of his stature), a Danish colonist from the North of England, a portion of the territory of Ednam which he had been instrumental in reclaiming from the condition of a desert (as it is designated in the deed) and had helped to people. Thorlongus also built a church on his property in honour of the good St. Cuthbert, and this church he afterwards made over to the monks of Durham. To this gift he attached certain conditions, stating that it was made for the good of the souls of the king who granted him the territory and of several of his kin, for the redemption of "my dearest brother Lefwin, and for the weal of myself, both my body and my soul." Thorlongus seemed to have had an eye to a safe and enduring bargain when he made this gift. The document thus concludes :-"And if any one by force or fraud presume to take away this my gift from the saint aforesaid, and the monks his servants, may God Almighty take away from him the life of the heavenly kingdom, and may he suffer everlasting pains with the devil and his angels! Amen." Thorlongus was regarded as a rather forceful and redoubtable personage before he "went over to the

majority"; but he must have become a quiet spirit after that event happened, for it is long since all monkish rights and titles to the church at Ednam were set at naught, and there is no record of his ever having disturbed by a visit from the spirit land the heretical usurpers of his gift. They go about their daily business without the least dread of his dire denunciations.

The village is named Ednaham in the deed of gift, but is more strictly Edenham, from the small, but sweet and troutful, river Eden intersecting the parish. The neighbourhood must have been greatly the better for the vigorous and improving hand of Thorlongus, as any place must be which is transformed from a waste to a fruitful and healthful condition, where man and beast may find subsistence. During the feuds between England and Scotland, Ednam frequently suffered at the hands of English invaders both in the way of destruction by burning and by the impoverishment consequent on the food carried off. It has been the scene of much agricultural improvement since that time, and the parish is now noted for its fertility and beauty. Well nigh a century and a half ago it was the scene of the operations of an agricultural pioneer, William Dawson by name, who is reputed to have been the first to sow turnips in drills, thereby making them a practicable and profitable crop, for otherwise they would hardly have been worth cultivating.

Ednam, which belongs to the Earl of Dudley, owes much of its modern fame to the fact that Thomson the poet was born there. It was this circumstance that brought William Howitt to the spot when he was visiting the "Remarkable Places" which he afterwards described in his interesting volumes under that

title. Howitt was, however, somewhat unfortunate in his visit. He did not meet the right kind of people of whom to make his inquiries. Besides, his visit was paid on the Sunday, and the preaching of the parish minister was not to his taste, which was for the time perhaps a little soured by the disappointing character of his inquiries regarding Thomson. While about the place he made up to the village blacksmith, who was a bit of a character in his way, and not destitute of a sprinkling of waggishness in his composition. The smithy was his by inheritance, and it is now occupied by the second generation from him. He had no great knowledge of poets and poetry, and it was hardly the right kind of introduction for a nameless stranger from the other side of the Border to go on the Sunday on the somewhat idle errand of asking questions on altogether secular subjects. The testy blacksmith, therefore, pretended to have less knowledge than he really possessed, and this gave the rather credulous William excuse for chiding and censuring him in his book on account of his ignorance and dulness. Had William Howitt met him over a "cheerer," after working hours on a week day, he would have left Ednam in a happier mood, and with a better filled note-book.

There are other names known to fame besides that of Thomson of which Ednam can boast. The village gave another gifted son of song to the world in the person of the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, most widely and familiarly known for the hymns which he composed, and which are now found in the hymnology of all the Churches. Lyte was, however, of English parentage, and was removed from the place while still a youth. Another son of Ednam, who lived and died there, was William Wight, crippled from his youth, but having a power of song which made many of his pieces welcomed on all hands in his lifetime. They are still preserved in a modest volume, which is not known, however, beyond the district. Then, for a good many years the village had a schoolmaster, Mr. John G. Smith-still alive in New Zealand-who kept pouring into the local press pieces "grave and gay, lively and severe," the best of which were collected into a volume, and will not soon go into oblivion in the district. There is reason to believe that James Cook, the famous circumnavigator, had a connection with the village through his father having been born and living there till manhood, afterwards migrating to Yorkshire. Ednam is but a small spot of earth, the parish being only about four miles square; but it must be admitted that it has contributed its fair share of the celebrities whose names are inscribed on the world's roll of honour, or remembered amongst local notabilities.

Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," was born in the village on the 11th September, 1700, his father being parish minister there at the time. Some have contended that he was born at a place called Wideopen, not far from Yetholm, where his mother (whose maiden name was

Trotter, not Hume, as many biographies of the poet have it) had friends and property, but the claim is not well supported. His father having been appointed to a better living at Southdean, near Jedburgh, James Thomson was removed thither when he was an infant about ten or twelve weeks old. While of tender years, he came under the notice of the Rev. Robert Riccalton, minister of the parish of Hobkirk, and himself addicted to paying court to the Muses. This gentleman, whose parish adjoined that of Thomson, senior, made young Thomson something of a foster-son, superintending his education and directing his studies, no doubt also training his eye to detect the beauties of nature, and inciting him to cultivate his descriptive and imaginative powers. When the parish school had carried the youth as far as possible, he was transferred to the Grammar School of Jedburgh, but the distance would allow him to feel the home-ties of Hobkirk manse from Saturday till Monday. Then came his transference in 1715 to the University of Edinburgh, his purpose being to "take orders" in the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and thus to follow his father's footsteps. In 1718, while still a student, he lost his father in rather a singular manner. The supernatural in those days was rather more of a common belief than in ours, for not a few dreaded the intervention of evil spirits in their every-day affairs. A place named Wolfelee, not far from the reverend gentleman's dwelling, was reputed to be the haunt of a ghost, and the elder Thomson resolved to make an attempt to exorcise it from the scene of its escapades. While in the act of prayer, he was suddenly struck on the head by a ball of fire, and instantly fell down, stunned and insensible! He was carried home and revived a little, attributing the blow during this time to diabolic interference. But the shock proved too much for his recuperative powers, and he sank under it-an event which deeply impressed itself on the mind of his student son. James got the length of writing sermons, and delivered one or two before his professor and fellow-students by way of "trial," as other aspirants to the pulpit are required to do. The criticism of his preceptor, indulgent and good-natured in its way, proved severe and unpalatable, in dealing with the performance in some respects, though it does not follow that it was unjust. The exercise which had come under the professor's displeasure was on one of the Psalms which descant on the power and majesty of God, and Thomson had treated his subject in a strain so poetical and highpitched, as a youth of his temperament and caste of mind would be prone to do, that it would have gone over the heads of any rustic audience in a country church. Not only did the professor point out this mistake, but there is a tradition that the budding cleric's fellow-students were not so sedate and respectful during the delivery of his oration as they ought to have been, and that gentle ripples of laughter saluted his ears. The consequence was that young Thomson took into his head the relinquishment of the clerical profession, and wooed the Muse.

His friend Riccalton may have had some share in this result. The scene around Hobkirk Manse in the winter season would often be of a most impressive kind, and when the tempest raged, the snow wrapped hill and valley in its folds, and the frost king held stern sway and made strange silence by day and night, the imagination which had the poetic element to direct and quicken it would seek for fit expression. It is understood to have been so with Riccalton, who had composed a poem descriptive of one of the snow-storms which often raged in those parts. This is held to have been so filled with inspiration and suggestion to Thomson that he took for his theme the characteristics and beauties of winter. He himself owns his indebtedness in this way to Riccalton; and though it may be that he commenced and completed the undertaking there and then, it does not follow that the composition was the poem as it finally left his hands. He was given to write, obliterate, and re-write. Before proceeding to London, it was his custom, every New Year's Day, to burn all his poetical productions of the previous year, and the version of "Winter," as we now have it, differs considerably from that which formed the first edition in print, so much was he given to alter, while most of his alterations were improvements. It became known to a few of his friends that his poetical gifts were above the average, and his shorter pieces, and perhaps portions of his "Winter," were handed about among those likely to appreciate them or be able to form a fair estimate of their quality.

On the strength of a rather slender encouragement or invitation of a female relative, Thomson set out for London with a light purse, uncertain prospects, hopes and fears struggling for the mastery, and a great poem not yet known to fame or accepted by a publisher! He was destined to experience the distressful and depressing influences of hope deferred. He was able to make acquaintanceship with several individuals of standing and experience, through whom he soon widened his round of friends among the patrons and pursuers of literature in the great metropolis. But poverty haunted his footsteps, and so stern did fortune become that he hardly knew he had shoes on his feet. In the course of time he was appointed tutor to the eldest son of Lord Binning. This was in 1725. Still the want of money was pinchingly felt; but Thomson's indolent disposition needed a spur, and this scarcity of current coin drove him to the task of putting. "Winter" into such a finished condition as to be fit for publication. An early friend of his, David Mallet, who was private tutor to the Duke of Montrose and his brother, helped him with criticism and revision, and then to find a publisher, and in 1726 it was given to the world; but all that he got for the copyright was the sum of three guineas, or about three-farthings a line! It was dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton, who seems, if he at first read it,

not to have been able to appraise its merits; but, on reading in the newspapers a poetical encomium on the genius of the author, he sent Thomson twenty guineas. Its reception was at first chill as the season it described, but after a while a thaw seemed to set in. It was spoken of and praised by three persons of influence, and it was soon its fate to be the success of the year, the theme of encomium on every unprejudiced lip, and admired by all who could appreciate work of genius, as well as by many who only did so because it was the correct thing to do at the time. Three editions appeared in the year of publication, and the change to its author was great, for his acquaintanceship was sought on all hands, and especially by persons of rank and fashion. Yet it did not become to him a mine of wealth, for what would now earn a guinea a line would then be counted well paid with sixpence—mayhap a penny!

Thomson shortly after became teacher in an academy, but still applied himself when in the mood to poetical composition. The fruit of this labour was that "Summer" appeared in 1727 and "Spring" in 1728. These were received with welcome, and added to the reputation of their author. In 1730 "Autumn" first saw the light in a quarto volume, which contained the other three seasons, the whole being crowned by that noble bymn which one of his critics characterizes as the "essence of their beauty collected in a cloud of fragrance, and, by the breath of devotion, directed upwards to heaven." That hymn deserves to be ever had in remembrance, and wherever it is known Thomson's powers as a poet will never be reckoned mean or mediocre. Thus:—

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these Are but the varied God. The rolling year Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love. Wide flash the fields; the softening air is balm; Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles; And every sense and every heart is joy. Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months, With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun Shoots full perfection through the swelling year: And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks, And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve, By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales. Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined, And spreads a common feast for all that lives. In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled, Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the world adore, And humblest nature with Thy northern blast.

Should fate command me to the farthest verge Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes, Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me; Since God is ever present, ever felt, In the void waste as in the city full; And where He vital breathes there must be joy. When even at last the solemn hour shall come, And wing my mystic flight to future worlds, I cheerful will obey; there with new powers Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go Where universal love not smiles around,

Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns; From seeming evil still educing good, And better thence again, and better still, In infinite progression. But I lose Myself in Him, in light ineffable! Come, then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

In 1729 Thomson appeared as a dramatist. His mental force was not of the dramatic order, and though the production was not destitute of merit, it was not destined to be much of a success, but was rather the victim of the success of ridicule. It bore the title of "Sophonisba," and one line read:

Ob, Sophonisba! Sophonisba, oh!

which was at once thus paraphrased and turned into mocking and laughter—

Oh, Jimmy Thomson! Jimmy Thomson, oh!

In later reprints the author did not allow the unfortunate line to stand, but the damage had been done, and the mischievous parody has achieved a fame wider far than the drama itself.

Next year the poet made a tour of the Continent as companion of the eldest son of Lord Chancellor Talbotan event which yielded him exceeding happiness. He saw much, though he never seemed to have his eyes more than half open, and he came home many times wiser than most would have done who flitted from place to place and gallery to gallery in a constant buzz of excitement. During his travels he had been meditating upon a great poem on "Liberty," and the first part appeared in 1734, the second and third in 1735, and the fourth and fifth in the following year. This poem is in many parts quite worthy of the genius of Thomson, yet his phlegmatic temperament failed to rise to the stir and trumpet calls of hosts in battle array, and the attempt to bear aloft the "flaunting flag of liberty" failed to answer to the public requirements and tastes, and accordingly it has never taken the place it deserves.

About this time he obtained the post of Secretary of Briefs, which carried a salary sufficient for his wants, and which he held till the death of Lord Chancellor Talbot (to whom he was indebted for it) in 1737. He does not appear to have been of a saving disposition, for not long after this source of income ceased he was arrested for debt, and was only redeemed from what was called the "spunging house" by the intervention of Quin the actor. In 1738, "Agamemnon," and in the following year, "Edward and Eleonora," two dramatic pieces, were the products of his pen. The former was produced on the boards; but it was coldly received, greatly to the mortification of the author, who sat first in a state of extreme suspense and then in deep chagrin at its want of success; while the latter was not accepted by any theatrical manager on account of the political elements which he had introduced into it. At the request of the Prince of Wales of his day, the poet, in 1740,

wrote a masque entitled "Alfred," but it was not acted till three years afterwards. The piece itself is now deep in the land of forgetfulness; but it contained "Rule, Britannia," which will never be forgotten. One comfort came to him about this time-the conferring upon him of a pension of £100 a-year by Prince Frederick; and then he won the friendship of Lord Lyttelton, whose patronage he enjoyed till the end of his life. Through that nobleman he obtained the surveyorship of the Leeward Islands-an office which brought next to no duties, but yielded the comfortable salary of £300 a-year. In 1745 he produced the drama of "Tancred and Sigismunda," which was not one of his successes; but in 1748 was issued his "Castle of Indolence," in which he seems to have had a congenial theme. It was at once successful. and has ever held a conspicuous place among his works. The tragedy of "Coriolanus" followed next, and it seems a pity that he had laboured so much at this kind of work. in which he met with so much dissappointment, and by which he was destined to be so little known. His gifts lay in the quieter and purer region of imagination, and the fresh and healthy fields of nature. The complexities of life, the passions and plots of men, were not within the range of his powers and knowledge, and it is not a matter of regret or misfortune that Thomson's fame rests rather upon his descriptions and interpretations of the moods and mysteries of the seasons than upon the power of exhibiting the hollowness of the human heart.

Thomson died early, only reaching his 47th year. One night he walked hastily homewards from London (he was then residing at Richmond), taking a boat on the Thames towards the end of the journey. The night air caused a chill, which resulted in fever. This was so far overcome, and recovery promised to be complete; but, the patient venturing out too soon, a relapse came on, and he died on August 27t h, 1748. His re mains were interred in Richmond churchyard, and there his grave is often visited by those who admire his genius. His merits received national recognition, a monment being erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, at which shrine of the mighties his name is often pronounced with reverence and his works recalled with a feeling of admiration and homage.

"The Seasons" and "The Castle of Indolence" have been often re-published, sometimes in sumptuous volumes with high-class illustrations, these productions of Thomson's pen ranking as British classics; but the author himself does not receive the prominence in the biographical and critical attentions of writers and publishers to which many men not more eminent, though perhaps more romantic or eccentric in their lives and opinions, have been promoted. The void thus existing may yet be discovered, and Thomson may find a place in some "Eminent Writers" series, where he will be no unworthy company among those thus already honoured.

The house in which Thomson was born still stands,

though it is now dishonoured by being converted into an out-house. His birth ought to have taken place in the Manse; but it was undergoing repair at the time, and the minister and his establishment were accommodated in the best house near at hand, believed to be that of his parents at the time. Subsequently the dwelling became the parish school, but it has been on "the down grade" since it was vacated by that institution. It deserved a better fate and a kindlier care, for Thomson saw the seasons of the year as no other ever saw them before, and their grandeur and meaning as he did, thereby making myriads his debtor.

The poet's memory was kept green in the district by an annual dinner held at Ednam, and attended by men of the finest taste, education, and position in the district; but these meetings were discontinued after 1819, the last being held in September of that year. It was for one of these dinners that Burns, who had been invited to be present, sent his poem on Thomson, when his bust was crowned with laurel. The Earl of Buchan, who had been the moving spirit at some of these meetings, had conveyed the hint to Burns that an ode appropriate to the occasion would be acceptable, and the poet, with some show of diffidence, produced the subjoined:—

While virgin Spring by Eden's flood Unfolds her tender mantle green, Or pranks the sod in frolic mood, Or tunes Eolian strains between;

While Summer, with a matron grace, Retreats by Dryburgh's cooling shade, Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace The progress of the spiky blade;

While Autumn, benefactor kind, By Tweed erects his aged head, And sees, with self-approving mind, Each creature on his bounty fed;

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or, sweeping, wild, a waste of snows;

So long, sweet Poet of the Year, Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won: While Scotia, with exulting tear, Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

It was at one of these meetings that the idea was first publicly thrown out that a monument in honour of the author of "The Seasons" should be erected in the parish of his birth, and not long afterwards the idea was realized. Accordingly, upon the highest piece of ground in Ednam parish, not far from the road thither from Kelso, there stands an obelisk to the memory of Thomson, 52 feet in height. It bears upon its western front the simple inscription:—"Erected to the memory of James Thomson, author of The Seasons. Born at Ednam, 11th September, a.D. 1700." Though not greatly admired as a work of art, it is seen from many surrounding points of vantage, and serves to show to present as it will to future generations

that this poet at least was honoured among his own people.

THOMAS TWEED.

## The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

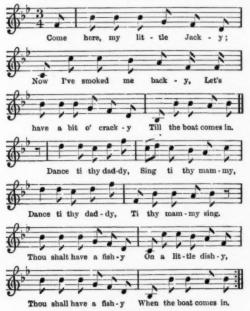
DANCE TI THY DADDY.

HE air and refrain of this carol are of much greater antiquity than the song itself, which was written about the year 1820 by William

Watson, who also wrote "Thumping Luck to Yon Toon,"
"Newcassel Races," and many other Tyneside songs
popular in their day.

Watson was a shoemaker to business, and, like many of the trade, an active politician. At election times his pen was always ready to do service for his party by writing election songs, political squibs, &c. Some of his songs appeared in Marshall's collection of Newcastle songs published in 1827, and his later pieces in Fordyce's collection, published in 1842. It is, of course, not possible to commend the effusion now given on the ground of either good taste or poetical excellence.

The tune has been claimed for both sides of the Border, but the evidence of publication is clearly on the Scottish side, although the form and phrasing of the melody favours English modes. It has long ago been relegated, like many other beautiful airs, to the limbo of the nursery.



Come here, my little Jacky; Now I've smoked my backy, Let's have a bit o' cracky Till the boat comes in.

Dance ti thy daddy, sing ti thy mammy,
Dance ti thy daddy, ti thy mammy sing;
Thou shalt hev a fishy, on a little dishy,
Thou shalt hev a fishy when the boat comes in.

Here's thy mother hummin'
Like a canny woman,
Yonder comes thi father
Drunk—he cannot stand.

Dance ti thy daddy, sing ti thy mammy.

Dance ti thy daddy, ti thy mammy sing;

Thou shalt hev a fishy, on a little dishy,

Thou shalt heva haddock when the boat comes in,

Our Tommy's always fuddling, He's so fond of ale, But he's kind to me, I hope he'll never fail.

Dance ti thy daddy, sing ti thy mammy,
Dance ti thy daddy, ti thy mammy sing;
Thou shalt hev a fishy, on a little dishy,
Thou shalt hev a codling when the boat comes in.

I like a drop mysel',
When I can get it sly,
And thou, my bonnie bairn,
Will lik't as weel as I.

Dance ti thy daddy, sing ti thy mammy,
Dance ti thy daddy, ti thy mammy sing;
Thou shalt hev a fishy, on a little dishy,
Thou shalt hev a mack'rel when the boat comes in.

May we get a drop Oft as we stand in need; And weel may the keel row That brings the bairns their breed.

Dance ti thy daddy, sing ti thy mammy,
Dance ti thy daddy, ti thy mammy sing;
Thou shalt hev a fishy, on a little disby,
Thou shalt hev a salmon when the boat comes in,

### A Border Bergine.



N important change took place in the character and condition of the inhabitants of the counties on both sides the Tweed after the crowns of England and Scotland were

united. Instead of living in a constant state of petty warfare, they laid aside their coats of mail, hung up their spears, and became a quiet, pastoral, and religious people, thankful for a repose which had never been enjoyed by their forefathers. The devotional and moral feelings of the Borderers, under these circumstances, became strongly marked, and it would almost seem as if the wives and maidens of that particular period developed a spirit of heroism, a purity of mind, and a strength of purpose never before observed. Quiet and unobtrusive, they neither sought nor wished for fame or notoriety, and and it is only by searching the by-ways of history that we are enabled to discover little streamlets of information and quaint and curious stories relating to these noble spirits of the past.

Such a woman was Lady Grisel Baillie, the eldest daughter of Sir Patrick Hume. Born at Polworth, in Berwickshire, in the troublous times of Charles II., she, by reason of her wisdom, courage, tenderness, devotion to duty, and cheerful self-sacrifice, deserves to be considered a fitting type of a class called into existence by the singular circumstances of their surroundings. Apart from her moral qualities, she has another claim on our regard. In spite of, or perhaps in consequence of, the hardships and adventures of her early life, she developed strong poetic genius, and was the earliest of that gifted band of Border ladies who have so largely contributed to Scotland's lyric fame. Her father, a gentleman of note among the persecuted Presbyterians, was a man of considerable ability and restless energy, actively engaged in the great struggle for civil and religious liberty which then convulsed the kingdom. His daughter was consequently brought up amongst persons whose constant topics of conversation were persecutions and wars and rumours of wars, and whose most heartfelt wish was the downfall of Popery and the triumph of the Covenanters.

After the battle of Bothwellhaugh, Baillie of Jerviswood an intimate friend and neighbour of Sir Patrick Hume, was taken prisoner, conveyed to Edinburgh, and imprisoned in the Tolbooth. It then became a matter of importance to communicate with him. Great difficulty was experienced in obtaining a suitable messenger, and in this emergency Grisel, at the age of thirteen, made her first appearance on the historic scene; for, failing to secure any other reliable emissary, it was, after some hesitation, decided to send her with a letter, as so youthful a messenger was not very likely to be suspected of conveying any treasonable correspon-The undertaking was one full of danger; the country swarmed with soldiers ready to arrest and search anyone unprovided with a pass; the journey was a long one, and the whole fifty odd miles had to be traversed on horseback. Partly on account of the bad roads, and partly for the purpose of evading observation, the way was lengthened by the many detours she had to make, and the quick-witted girl, ever on the alert, was put to many straits to avoid the searchers. On one occasion, when sore beset, she took refuge with a tribe of gipsies, to one of whom she had previously shown some kindness. They treated her in a friendly manner, concealed her and her horse in their tents during the night, and conducted her the next morning, by little known paths, to the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.

After many escapes and alarms, Grisel at the close of the third day reached her destination, but even then must have experienced considerable difficulty in accomplishing the object of her journey, which was to gain admission to the prison unsuspected, slip the letter of advice and information into Baillie's hand unseen, and bring back what intelligence she could. Difficult as the task was, she managed to do it; how is not exactly known, but tradition tells us that she played about the neighbourhood of the Tolbooth, formed the acquaintance of the turnkey's children, and, seizing an opportunity when the sentry

was changed, slipped into the prison and delivered her precious missive.

She succeeded so well that a second time she was sent on the perilous expedition. A second time she was successful, and one can imagine the stout-hearted girl, too innocent for fear, loyally carrying out her father's instructions, proud and flattered that she was the one chosen to convey words of comfort and consolation to the honoured patriot and martyr.

A long imprisonment was followed by a hasty trial. Jerviswood was condemned, and by a final touch of cruelty executed in the presence of his son. After his death, the Covenanters were more severely persecuted than before, and it was thought necessary for Sir Patrick Hume to go into hiding. His own house was not safe, parties in search of him coming continually to Redbraes Castle, to the terror of all the inmates. No other place of concealment being available, he took refuge in the family vault under the church at Polworth, whither Grisel trudged every night by a lonely road, more afraid of meeting the King's Dragoons than of encountering the shadowy inhabitants of the other world, whom her imagination conjured up as she stumbled over the graves in the darkness.

At this juncture Lady Hume, a delicate woman, greatly engrossed with the care of her numerous family, was perfectly useless. The servants, like those of other suspected persons, were so often and so strictly examined that they lived in a constant state of fear, so could not be trusted; and Grisel had no one on whom she could rely, except a carpenter who lived near. With his assistance a bed and clothes were conveyed to the burial place, which was about a mile from the castle. Everything else needful for her father's safety she did alone, unaided. Each evening she went by herself, generally about midnight, to the dismal hiding-place, carrying provisions and other things needful, and remained, cheering her parent and talking to him, as long as she dared, for she was obliged to be home before the household awoke.

There was often a difficulty in procuring food without rousing the suspicions of the servants. The only way it could be done was by stealing from her own plate, and her appetite at this time grew very large. Her father was fond of sheep's head, and one day, when the children were at dinner, she conveyed the greater part of one to her lap. Her brother, afterwards Lord Marchmont, looked up with astonishment, and said, "Mother, will ye speak to Grisel? While we have been supping our broth, she has eaten up the whole sheep's head."

After many tedious weeks spent in this gloomy abode, Sir Patrick determined to attempt to escape. Grisel accordingly altered his clothing, dressed him up like a small farmer, and sent him away with a trusty grieve who was understood by the servants to be taking a horse to Morpeth fair. In a few weeks he reached Holland

safely; but, as soon as it was known he had left the kingdom, the Government took possession of his estates.

In this extremity Grisel arranged business matters at home, went with her mother and the children to London, solicited an allowance for the family, and with difficulty obtained a grant of £150 a year. It was then resolved to join Sir Patrick at Utrecht, and here, once more united, they passed their time of exile happily and contentedly among the friendly Dutch while King James blundered on to his own undoing in London.

During this momentous time it is pleasant to see what a bright and cheerful life these so-called stern Calvinists led, notwithstanding their poverty. Their only extravagance was a good house, for which they paid the fourth part of their income. They could not afford to keep a servant, except a little girl to wash the dishes: so Grisel, as usual, took up the heaviest part of the burden. She went to market, took the corn to be ground at the neighbouring mill, as was the custom of the place, cooked the dinner, cleaned the house, mended the linen, got up early in the morning to light her father's study fire, dressed the children, and took them to his room, where he taught them everything that was fit for their age; and when she could find time she gladly took a lesson in French or Dutch herself. Her father and mother were fond of music, and managed to buy for little money a small harpsichord, which was a great amusement to them. But Grisel, though she loved to play on it as well as the others, was forced to drudge, and many jokes used to pass between the sisters about their different occupations.

A book of songs she wrote at this time was treasured for many years by one of her descendants. Several of the verses are interrupted half written, others broken off in the middle of a sentence; but the ballad on which her poetic fame must depend was then intact. Those who expect to find pretty sentiments and polished language in "Were nae my Heart licht, I wad Dee," will probably be disappointed, for the words and ideas are homely; but it is original and characteristic of the fine free spirit of the rustic poetry of Scotland, while its simple story and artless imagery will always render it a popular favourite.

Sir Patrick Hume, though his income was small, extended a generous hospitality to other banished folk, and a frequent guest at his table was the son of his old friend Jerviswood, who had also forfeited his estates and been driven into exile. It is said that Grisel had seen George Baillie at the time of her romantic journey to visit his father in prison. Be that as it may, when thrown together in Holland, they grew greatly attached to each other, and it became an understood matter they should marry when better and more prosperous days arrived. After a time, young Patrick Hume and Baillie got commissions in the Guards of the Prince of Orange, and Grisel showed the greatest care and anxiety that both brother and lover should be attired in a manner befitting

their station. They were little point cravats and cuffs in those days, and many a night did she sit up to dress their laces in order that they might appear as gentlefolks should.

At last came a happy change. William and Mary were declared king and queen in place of the bigot James; Sir Patrick had his estates restored, and was created a peer; while Lady Grisel was nominated maid-of-honour to the princess. This appointment she declined, having always her union with George Baillie in view. She was married two years after the Revolution. Her husband rose to high office, being made Chancellor of Scotland and King's High Commissioner, the greatest office in the kingdom.

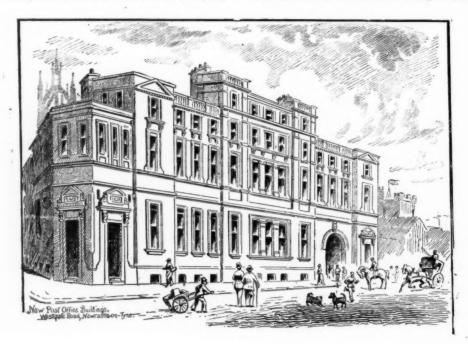
From this time Lady Grisel's life was ideally perfect Her duty and affection as a wife and mother were only paralleled by her devotion as a daughter. She and her husband passed nearly fifty years of married life together without one jar or misunderstanding, feeling to the last the same ardent affection which had characterised their first days of wedded bliss. Lady Grisel was blessed with a numerous offspring, and her children rose up and called her blessed.

To her daughter, Lady Murray, we owe the fellowing loving description of this brave, true-hearted woman towards the close of her life:—"She was middle-sized, well-made, clever (that is, active) in her person, very handsome, with a life and sweetness in her eyes most uncommon, . . . and to the last had the finest complexion, with the clearest red in her cheek, that

could be seen in one of fifteen." Time did not lessen the energy of Lady Grisel Baillie's character. Clothed in strength and honour, she lived to an age greatly exceeding the allotted span; and at last, beloved and venerated by all, she peacefully passed to her eternal rest in 1746. This brief sketch may be fitly concluded with a sentence from the inscription engraved on her tomb at Meller Mains, which tells us, with greater truth than is common in epitaphs, that she was a "pattern to her sex and an honour to her country."

#### New Post Office Buildings in Newcastle.

HE increase of the population of Newcastle during the last ten years has necessitated considerable changes in the Newcastle Post Office. In 1881, when Mr. Thomas Hunter, the present postmaster, came to Newcastle, the accommodation was insufficient to meet the public demand, and steps were then taken to induce the authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand to enlarge the Newcastle office. The matter received prompt attention; but, in view of the adoption of the Parcels Post, action was postponed. When, however, the Parcels Post was established in 1883, it was found absolutely necessary to proceed with the enlargement of the Newcastle Post Office, and the extensions have taken the ferm of a handsome building in Westgate



Road, the exterior portion of which is shown in the accompanying drawing.

The necessity for a large extension of the premises will be obvious when it is mentioned that in 1881 the staff employed at the Newcastle Post Office was 360, all told; whereas at the end of 1890 the staff was 738. The number of letters dealt with in 1880 in one week was about 646,362; the number dealt with in one week in 1890 was 1,104,607. The number of telegrams dealt with in 1880 was 1,530,868; in 1890, the number was 3,383,697. No Parcels Post business was transacted in Newcastle in 1880, for the reason that this branch of the service had not been established; but in 1890 no fewer than 1,105,413 parcels were dealt with at the Newcastle Post Office. In 1880 there were no telephone transactions; at the present time the telephone transactions average about 6,000 in one day. In 1880, 12 suburban offices were all that could be found in Newcastle; in 1890 the number was 32. In 1880 there were six telegraph offices; in 1890 there were sixteen. The number of pillar boxes in 1880 was 70; in 1890 there were 189.

The additions in Westgate Road are really the back part of the Newcastle Post Office; the main entrance will be, as hitherto, opposite St. Nicholas' Cathedral. Nine of the windows on the ground floor represent the width of the sorting office, and five windows on the first floor show the width of the instrument room. The other windows represent private rooms, lavatories, &c. On the next floor the telegraphic engineer and his staff are accommodated, and the rooms at the top of the building are for the returned letter officials, porters, &c. Some 90 women

are employed at the Newcastle Post Office; but the extensions are so designed that the males and females are completely separated, and the young women are under the charge of a lady superintendent. The cooking rooms in both departments are fitted up with all modern appliances, and nothing has been left undone that would minister to the comfort of the officials and their subordinates.

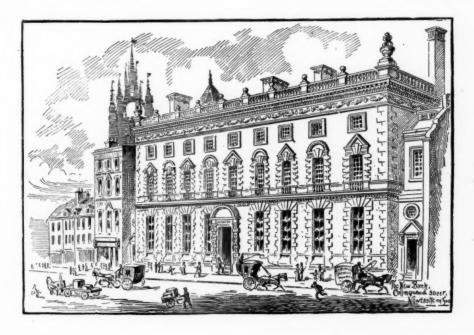
## New Banking Premises in Newcastle.



N important change has recently taken place in the aspect of Collingwood Street, Newcastle. The famous Turf Hotel has entirely disappeared, and its site is now occupied

by a building which, besides forming an agreeable addition to the architectural features of the city; will, ere long, be a centre of commercial activity, having been erected as a banking-house for the well-known firm of Messrs. Hodgkin, Barnett, Pease, Spence, and Co.

The new bank is in the Italian style of architecture, with a frontage of about 100 feet, and a height of 53 or 54 feet. As the street is of no great width, and the building faces north, it was decided that the design must be broad and simple in its general lines, and not encumbered with elaborate detail. The wines are lower than the main block, and are thrown slightly back, so as to allow the main cornices to be returned at the ends, and this arrangement materially enhances the general effect of the building. The principal entrance is



in the centre, through a door case of dark red granite. All the rest of the front, except the plinth, which is also granite, is of Gunnerton freestone. There are large square windows on the ground floor with rusticated quoins, and above a string course of nine windows on the first floor with architraves and pedimented heads. The windows of the second floor are plain rectangular openings with architraves. Above there is a large cornice with swags of flowers in the frieze. A parapet with vases at the angles finishes the front. The building has been erected by Mr. Walter Scott, from designs by Mr. Robert J. Johnson, F.S.A., of Newcastle and York.

A few notes on the history of the banking firm of Messrs. Hodgkin, Barnett, Pease, Spence, and Company, may not be out of place here and now. The occasion for its establishment was the failure of the Northumberland and Durham District Bank on the 11th November, 1857, an event which will long be remembered in the North of England, and which left a void in the banking accommodation of Newcastle. For a short time it appeared as if this void would be filled up by the establishment of a private bank under the style of Hawks, Grey, Priestman, and Co., all the parties in which were shareholders in the old concern. But when the report of the liquidators was presented, showing that a heavy call would be made on each of the shareholders, it became impossible for Hawks, Grey, and Co. to carry on their business. Under these circumstances, the late Mr. Jonathan Priestman (who was one of the partners in the temporarily formed firm) recommended the formation of an entirely new bank, and opened communications with Mesars. Hodgkin and Pease on the subject. Mr. Thomas Hodgkin was the son of Mr. John Hodgkin, a well-known barrister of Lincoln's Inn, London, and Mr. John William Pease is now the only surviving son of the late Mr. John Beaumont Pease, of Darlington. The preliminary arrangements occupied a considerable time, and the consequence was that the new bank was not opened until March 14, 1859. The partners were Mr. Thomas Hodgkin; Mr. William Edward Barnett, who was connected with the firm of Barnett, Hoares, and Co., bankers, London; Mr. John William Pease, of Pendower; and Mr. Robert Spence, of North Shields, who had been for a considerable time manager of the Union Bank, Newcastle.

Messrs. Hodgkin, Barnett, Pease, Spence, and Co. commenced business in the premises at the corner of St. Nicholas' Square and Mosley Street, which are now occupied by Franklin and Co., booksellers. In 1862, they took the premises at present occupied by them in the Town Hall Buildings on lease from the Corporation of Newcastle, which premises, it may be explained, had been built for a bank, and had for a short time been occupied by the before-mentioned firm of Hawks, Grey, Priestman, and Company.

The principal changes in the firm of Messrs. Hodgkin,

Barnett, Pease, Spence, and Co. have been these:—Mr. W. E. Barnett died, after a very short illness, from scarlet fever, in March, 1869. His place was filled by Mr. Robert Gurney Hoare, son of the late Mr. John Gurney Hoare, who was at the time senior partner of the firm of Messra. Barnett, Hoares, and Co. Mr. Robert Spence died in August, 1890, leaving a son, Mr. Charles James Spence, who has been for many years a partner in the firm. Mr. Howard Pease, son of Mr. John William Pease, joined the firm in 1888.

## Men of Mark 'Twirt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Joseph Glynn, F.B.S.,

ENGINEER AND AUTHOR.



OSEPH GLYNN, one of the elder sons of James Glynn, ironfounder and engineer, and brother of Edward Glynn, was born in Hanover Square, Newcastle, on the 6th of

February, 1799. Being a precocious child, and exhibiting at a very early age an unusual taste for mechanics, his father determined to give him a superior education, and with that object in view placed him under the care of Mr. John Bruce. He was one of the first pupils to enter the far-famed Percy Street Academy at its opening in Midsummer, 1806, and he left it about the time that George Stephenson took his son Robert there. When his school days were over, young Glynn went into the Ouseburn factory as assistant to his father, and acquired a knowledge of the theory and practice of mechanical engineering that qualified him, when he arrived at man's estate, to undertake important operations on his own account. Assisted by two young mechanics, Peter (afterwards Sir Peter) Fairbairn and William Hawthorn, he executed, in 1820, his first engineering workthe erection of a steam engine for the Earl of Carlisle to pump the water out of Talkin Colliery, near Brampton. In the following year he designed and carried out the works required for lighting the town of Berwick with gas, and prepared plans for a similar undertaking at Aberdeen. Shortly afterwards he accepted the appointment of engineer to the Butterley Iron Company, in Derbyshire, and left Newcastle.

During his early days at Butterley, the railway fever raged, and Mr. Glynn's services as an engineer were in frequent requisition. From his association with the Stephensons and their experiments at Newcastle, he had become interested in railway enterprise, and an ardent supporter of its extension throughout the kingdom. Promoters engaged him as a witness on behalf of their pro-

jects while undergoing the ordeal of Parliamentary Committees; directors and administrators consulted him as to extensions, routes, expenditure, and the infinite details of management. He gave evidence to the Royal Commissioners on the Use of Iron in Railway Structures, and reported upon the Overland Route to India, and the competing scheme of the Euphrates Valley line. When it was proposed to unite the railway from York to Darlington, known as the Great North of England line, with the section that extended from Darlington to Newcastle, he was one of the committee appointed to negotiate the purchase and effect the amalgamation. In like manner, when a committee was elected to investigate the affairs of the Eastern Counties, now the Great Eastern, line, he was appointed secretary to the investigators, and subsequently, when a satisfactory adjustment had been completed, he became deputy-chairman of the Eastern Counties Board.

Mr. Glynn died in London on his sixty-fourth birthday, February 6, 1863.

#### Sir Leonard Greenwell,

A DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century, two brothers Greenwell, descendants of the ancient Durham family of that name, married sisters, co-heiresses of William Aubone, a Newcastle alderman. One of the brothers, John Greenwell, settled in Newcastle as a merchant; the other, Robert Greenwell, lived upon his maternal estate at Kibblesworth. William Greenwell, son of Robert, came, like his father, to Newcastle for a wife, and found one in the person of Mary, daughter of Joshua Twizell. A son of this union, Joshua Greenwell, of Newcastle, marrying the heiress of the Rev. Thomas Robinson, rector of Wycliffe, had among other issue two sons. One of them, Robinson Robert, became the head of a large commercial firm in Newcastle, and at his death in Ridley Place, November 1, 1840, aged 63, was consul for Hanover, and vice-consul for Denmark. The other son became a distinguished soldier, known to a past generation as Major-General Sir Leonard Greenwell, K.C.B., K.C.H., aide-de-camp to George IV.

Sir Leonard was born at Kibblesworth, in 1781, and passed his boyhood at the Royal Free Grammar School in Newcastle, under the head mastership of the Rev. Edward Moises. He entered the army on the 7th of August, 1801, as an ensign in the 45th Foot, and remained with that regiment throughout his career. Very early in life he was employed in active service. He accompanied the expedition to South America, and was present at the attack upon Buenos Ayres in 1806, and again in 1807, where he was severely wounded. In most of the battles of the Peninsular war he served with distinction, and, it is said, received wounds in almost every part of his body. He commanded his regiment during Massena's retreat from the lines at Fuentes d'Onor; at the siege of

Badajos, he was the first officer to scale the walls; at Orthes, he commanded the light troops of the 3rd Division, under Sir Thomas Picton, and bore himself throughout with great gallantry and determination.

For his services during the Peninsular campaign he received a medal and two clasps, was appointed aide-decamp to the king, created a Knight Commander of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order and of the Military Order of the Bath, and rewarded with a grant out of the distinguished service fund. In recognition of his bravery at Badajos the king authorized him to add to the family arms (or, two bars azure, between three ducal coronets gules) a representation of Badajos, with a jacket of the 45th floating from one of the towers. Retiring on half pay in 1827, he obtained, four years later, the appointment of Commandant at Chatham, an office which he held till 1837. He died unmarried in London on the 11th November, 1844, aged 63, and his body being brought to Newcastle was interred among his kindred within the walls of St. Nicholas', where a handsome mural monument records his achievements.

#### Thomas Michael Greenhow,

DOCTOR OF MEDICINE.

Towards the close of last century, Edward Martin Greenhow, a native of Stirling, who had served as an army surgeon under General Elliott during the protracted siege of Gibraltar, established himself as a general practitioner on the north side of the harbour of Tyne. With the reputation which attached to all the brave men who for years had held the key to the Mediterranean against the combined fleets of France and Spain, Mr. Greenhow worked his way to a lucrative practice. Married at Tynemouth in 1786, he became the father of sons who afterwards distinguished themselves in various departments of public usefulness-Conrad H. Greenhow, shipbroker, who took a leading part in the discussions which preceded the repeal of the Navigation Laws: Edward Henry, who followed his father's profession at North Shields; and Thomas Michael, who became a prominent surgeon, and an active public man in Newcastle.

Thomas Michael Greenhow was born at North Shields on the 5th of July, 1792. Brought up as a boy in his father's surgery, he was sent to Edinburgh University, where he passed his examinations and obtained his diploma. Obtaining, shortly afterwards (November 5, 1814) the membership of the Royal College of Surgeons, he entered the army as assistant surgeon; but life among soldiers not being to his taste, he returned to the North, after a couple of years' service, and commenced practice on his own account in Newcastle. His first professional appointment in the town was that of surgeon to the Lying-in Hospital in Rosemary Lane. About the same time he received the appointment of co-surgeon to an affiliated organization, the Charity for Poor Married

Women Lying-in at their own Houses. In 1822 he joined Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Fife in the establishment of an Infirmary for Diseases of the Eye.

At the time when the Eye Infirmary was opened there were discussions in the town respecting the proper method of remunerating medical men for their professional services. General practitioners, compounding their own medicines, charged heavy prices for their drugs and little or nothing for attendance. The practice was condemned as hurtful alake to doctor and to patient. Mr. Greenhow ventured into print on the subject. In a pamphlet which he issued in 1824, he argued that the eyes of the public into mere traders in medicine, anxious to dispose of the largest possible quantity, and he pro-



posed that they should charge a fair and moderate fee for attendance and receive for medicine only a bare remuneration, or else send the patient with a prescription to a competent apothecary. The year following he went to press with a work of a more pretentious character—a treatise on vaccination (then becoming fashionable) as a

security against small-pox.

Being now thoroughly established in Newcastle, he found time to interest himself in other matters than those which pertained exclusively to his profession. The education of the young was one of the subjects which attracted him at this time, and it continued to interest him to the end of his days. At a town's meeting held in the Guildhall on the 25th of February, 1825, under the presidency of Henry Cramlington, the Mayor, it was resolved to establish infant schools in Newcastle, and when sufficient funds were obtained, schools were opened

in the Wesleyan Orphan House in Northumberland Street, the Sallyport Chapel in Causey Bank, and a house in the Castle Garth. Of this excellent movement, Mr. Greenhow and Mr. Jonathan Priestman were co-secretaries.

Towards the close of 1827, No. 1 of the fine range of mansions known as Eldon Square was completed, and Mr. Greenhow removed into it, retaining his surgery in Blackett Street, adjoining. When, in the winter of 1831-32, an outbreak of cholera occurred, he laboured with great assiduity among the worst slums of Newcastle, and, as soon as it was over, published a book of 162 pages on the subject. His exertions during that dreadful visitation procured for him, the year after, a coveted distinction-one of the four honorary surgeonships of the Infirmary of Newcastle. In the spring of 1834, he helped to establish the "Newcastle Medical and Surgical Society," the objects of which were to form a library of professional works, and to hold meetings from time to time for the reading of papers and the discussion of subjects connected with the profession. Of this useful institution he was elected secretary and treasurer.

During the agitation which preceded the Municipal Reform Bill of 1835, Mr. Greenhow was an occasional speaker on the side of the Reformers. When the bill had become law, the voters in North St. Andrew's Ward put him forward as a candidate for election to the new Town Council. Although not successful on that occasion, yet, in the following year, upon the occurrence of a vacancy in South St. Andrew's, he was returned at the head of the poll. His stay in the Council was but brief. In June, 1839, the magistrates nominated him for the office of surgeon to the gaol, the Council, by 23 votes to 17, confirmed the nomination, and his seat in the Council Chamber became vacant.

While a member of the Council, Mr. Greenhow had not curtailed his interest in other public matters, nor neglected his professional duties. He assisted, in 1837, to establish the "North of England Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts," and became, with the late Alderman Lockey Harle as his coadjutor, hon. secretary of the organisation. During the visit of the British Association to Newcastle in 1838, he read a couple of papers in the medical section-one "On the Beneficial Action of Mercury rapidly introduced in certain cases of Neuralgia," and the other "On a New Sling Fracture Bed." The following year he promoted the series of entertainments long remembered in Newcastle as the "Saturday Evening Concerts and Lectures." His contributions to the series were two lectures-the first, delivered July 13, 1839, on "Education," and the second, read January 18, 1840, on "Slavery." The subject of the first lecture seems never to have been absent from his mind. In season and out of season, he urged the necessity of providing collegiate education for the youth of the rapidly increasing industrial community of which Newcastle was the centre and the capital. Through the press, in a pamphlet (published in 1831), by discussions at the Literary and Philosophical Society, and through the medium of a town's meeting, held in the Guildhall, he had endeavoured to rouse his fellow-townsmen to a due sense of the benefits of scientific training. Such was his zeal in this direction that the writer of the "Supplement to the Corporation Annual for 1836" satirically described him as being "most strenuous in his endeavours to have the Council better versed in Old English by the establishment of an University in the Darn Crook." But, like many other enthusiastic educational reformers, Mr. Greenhow found himself far in advance of his time. His idea was that Newcastle possessed the nucleus of a collegiate institution in its Grammar School, Literary and Philosophical Society, Natural History Society, School of Design, Fine Arts Society, and School of Medicine, and that out of these materials might be moulded "an Academy of Science and Literature of incalculable value." Newcastle people listened and applauded, formed themselves into committees, and passed resolutions, but they did not provide the funds necessary to bring the scheme into operation. It was not until about the period of the first great Exhibition that Mr. Greenhow, after twenty years' unwearied advocacy, saw his projects realised, and the "Newcastle College of Practical Science" started, on a modest scale, in Barber Surgeon's Hall, Rye Hill.

Mr. Greenhow's surgical career was exceptionally brilliant. He frequently practised major operations, and was eminently successful in conducting them to a happy issue. It is upon record that in August, 1848, he performed the operation of complete excision of the oscalcis, for caries of the bone, and "at that time he was unaware that the late Mr. Hancock had performed the same operation two months previously, so that the credit of its invention belonged to him equally with Mr. Hancock.' He acquired a considerable reputation in ophthalmic cases from his long connection with the Eye Infirmary, and displayed remarkable inventive skill in designing instruments and adapting surgical appliances to modern requirements.

In the early days of sanitary reform he was an energetic and watchful leader of the movement. His warnings after the cholera visitation of 1832 were unheeded, but he abated none of his zeal in the cause. In 1852, he foretold that the United Kingdom would again be visited by the pestilence. Addressing himself to the Mayor of Newcastle, he called attention to the unpreparedness of the town to resist such a visitation—a warning which the dreadful mortality of the succeeding year too truly verified and vindicated. The Royal College of Surgeons, recognising his special abilities, elected him to an original Fellowship in 1843, and in 1855 the University of Durham conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Medicine. He retired from practice in 1860, and left

Newcastle to live in the neighbourhood of Leeds, where he died on the 25th of October, 1881.

Dr. Greenhow married, in 1820, Elizabeth, elder sister of Harriet Martineau, the authoress, and granddaughter of Mr. Rankin, of Newcastle, sugar refiner in the Close. With his celebrated sister-in-law the doctor continued on terms of affectionate intimacy for many years. She was a frequent guest at his house, and it was to be near him that, when stricken by illness in 1839, shortly after her visit to the British Association in Newcastle, she took the lodgings at Tynemouth in which, confined for five years a helpless invalid, she wrote her "Life in a Sick Room." (See Monthly Chronicle, i., 416.) Into the estrangement that followed it is unnecessary to enter here. Miss Martineau, writing her "Autobiography" many years afterwards, refers to it in the following regretful terms:-"Her home at Newcastle [Mrs. Greenhow's], with all possible kindness from her hospitable husband and herself, was always at our command, without hindrance or difficulty, until my recovery from a hopeless illness in 1844 by Mesmerism proved too much for the natural prejudice of a surgeon and a surgeon's wife, and caused by the help, or the ill offices, of another relation, a family breach as absurd as it was lamentable." Mrs. Greenhow died on the 10th February, 1850.

Among other issue Dr. Greenhow left a son—William Thomas Greenhow, B.A. and LL.B., Recorder of Berwick, County Court Judge of Leeds and Wakefield, a member of Convocation, London University, and author of "A Manual of Shipping Law"; born Feb. 6, 1831; married, May 20, 1857, Marion, eldest daughter of Charles Martineau, Eeq., of Tulse Hill.

#### Milliam Grap.

AUTHOR OF THE "CHOROGRAPHIA."

Ten years ago it would not have been easy to write a biographical sketch of the first historian of Newcastle, for local history afforded but slender clue to his identity. From a signature attached to an annotated edition of his book, owned by the late Lady Northbourne, it was known that the initials "W. G.," by which he modestly concealed his authorship, indicated William Gray. From the fact that the volume had been in the possession of her ladyship's ancestors, the Ellisons of Hebburn, for many generations, it was suspected that he might have been connected by ties of business or relationship with that ancient local family. From evidence afforded by the book itself it was believed that he was a native of the town, and that he had been engaged in some commercial enterprise which the outbreak of civil war had frustrated. And that was all. Bourne, the next historian of Newcastle, knew nothing, or, if he did, he wrote nothing, about his predecessor. Brand dismissed him in a couple of lines. Subsequent historians quoted him and passed him by. Neither Sir Cuthbert Sharp, who made local registers a special study, nor the two Richardsons, whose voluminous collections of local genealogy form a chaotic mass in the archives of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, were able to identify him. So he rested, named, but unknown, till the year 1884, when the Registry of Wills at Durham—that vast treasure house of the dead yielded up the secret of his life. A copy of a will made in 1656 by one William Gray, of Newcastle, was discovered there, and, upon examination, it proved to be that of the historian. Further investigation enabled local antiquaries to collect together details of his birth and parentage, family connections, business relationships, and final ending, and to embody them in papers contributed to the eleventh volume of the "Archæologia Æliana." Since then it has been easy to write about the earliest historian of Newcastle.

William Gray was the first-born child of a marriage which, on the 9th of December, 1600, was solemnized in St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, between Cuthbert Gray, merchant adventurer, son of John Gray, draper, and Elizabeth, daughter of Alderman William Huntley. In the church where his parents had been united, on the 21st of September, 1601, he was baptized, his sponsors being "Mr. Willm. Huntley, marchant and Alderman; Willm. Gray, draper; and the wife of Robert Ellison, marchant, or in her place Margaret Gray, Widow, being grandmother."

Cuthbert Gray, the father, carried on his business of a merchant in the Side, and, like other mercantile adventurers of the period, dealt in an infinite variety of commodities. The household books of Lord William Howard ("Belted Will" of history) show that he supplied the family of that nobleman at Naworth with claret and coalshovels, hops and hats, lint and lemons, muscadine and malaga, shoes and sprats, oil, sack, and vinegar. They show further that he was largely interested in coalmining adventures round about Newcastle, in some of which Lord William was his landlord. When he died, carried off in the prime of life towards the end of April, 1623, he left a flourishing business and much property behind him. He had houses, lands, and mills outside Pandon Gate; two "mansions" in the Side; five burgages in Hillgate, Gateshead; a share with his wife's relations of pits at Dunstle and elsewhere, and an interest in mines at Newbiggen (near the Cowgate), East Denton, Higham Dykes (Ponteland), Newham near Whalton, Whitbie (or Fitbawe) Moor, in the Manor of Kenton, and Bellasis near Stannington. He was a shipowner, too, holding threesixteenths of the Diligence, a twelfth of the Unity, and an eighteenth of the Mary Susan, all of Ipswich; a quarter of the Prudence, and six keels. And besides his own mills outside Pandon, he had a lease of a mill in Painter Heugh, while at his house in the Side was a miscellaneous stock-in-trade, with plate, linen, and ample bousehold gear.

Eleven children had been born to Cuthbert and Eliza-

beth Gray, of whom nine were living at the date of their father's decease. William, the eldest, had attained the age of manhood, the rest were minors. He, no doubt. assisted his widowed mother to manage the diversified undertakings in which the father had been engaged. Both their names appear in the "Howard Household Book" for 1634 as rendering to the Howard family services which indicate a business relationship, while the name of the widow is entered in the Naworth rent roll of the same year as tenant of the coal mines of which her husband had been lessee. Between them they brought up the younger branches of the family in affluence. Besides William, there was only one son, named John, and he appears to have died early, for local history contains no trace of him, and in the parish registers he cannot be identified. Five of the daughters made good marriages. Margaret became the wife of Robert Proctor, and their son, named William after his uncle, was possibly the William Proctor who was Sheriff of Newcastle in Ellinor married Robert Harle, merchant. Elizabeth was united on the 29th March, 1635, to Robert Ellison, M.P. for Newcastle during the Commonwealth. A few months later Rebecca became the wife of William, brother of Sir Lionel Maddison, while Deborah married, January 1641-42, Robert Ile, merchant and apothecary.

How long the mother of William Gray lived to assist him in the affairs of the family cannot be accurately ascertained. In the "Archæologia," before mentioned, it is assumed that she died in 1636, although note is taken of an entry in the Journals of the House of Commons which favours a suspicion that she was living in November, 1664. Since that paper was written the suspicion that she lived longer than the year 1636 has been strengthened. In a deed which, through the kindness of Mr. F. W. Dendy, has been presented to the writer by Mr. George Handyside, William Gray, conveying to Geo. Bulman, in December, 1643, some of the family property at Gateshead, inserts his mother's name in a covenant for peaceable enjoyment, and this could hardly have occurred if the old lady had been dead nine years. But, be that as it may, there came a time when neither the abilities of William Gray, nor the experience of his mother, if she lived so long, were able to stem the torrent of misfortune which overwhelmed the commerce of Tyneside. Civil war broke out : Newcastle became the theatre of military operations, which crippled local industry, and, for some time, practically suspended the coal trade. William Gray's collieries were shut up; commodities for the shop in the Side were unprocurable; nothing was left to him but houses and land, the revenues of which were precarious and uncertain. These, bearing their share of military impositions, he was able to retain, for we find him in July, 1647, making an agreement with the Corporation to permit the conveyance of water from a conduit upon his property in Pandon Bank to Sandgate,

and receiving as recompense a part of the waste there called the King's Dykes. The change from a position of opulence to comparative poverty weighed heavily upon him. For consolation he turned his thoughts to literature, seeking to drown his sorrows by writing a book. And what more suitable subject for a book than that which lay nearest to his heart, the history and deplorable condition of his native town? Printed by Stephen Bulkley, and dedicated to the burgesses and good men of Newcastle, the volume—a modest quarto of thirty-four pages—was issued in 1649, with the title:—

### CHOROGRAPHIA,

## A SVRVEY

#### NEVVCASTLE UPON TINE.

The Estate of this Country under the Romans.
The Building of the famous Wall of the
Picts, by the Romans.

The Ancient Town of Pandon.

A briefe Description of the Town, Walls, Wards, Churches, Religious Houses, Streets, Markets, Fairs, River and Commodities; with the Suburbs.

The Ancient and present Government of the

AS ALSO

A Relation of the County of Northumberland, which was the Bulwark for England, against the Inrodes of the Scots. Their many Castles and Towers. Their ancient Families and Names. Of the Tenure in Cornage. Of Cheviot-Hills. Of Tinedale and Reedsdale, with the Inhabitants.

Potestas omnium ad Cæsarem pertinet, proprietas ad

singulos.

Newcastle, Printed by S. B. 1649.

Sometime after the publication of his book William Gray appears to have made a family arrangement with his brother-in-law, Robert Ellison, M.P. for Newcastle. The nature of that arrangement is not clearly expressed, but it is open to conjecture that his property, rescued from the wreck and ruin of civil war, passed into the hands of Mr. Ellison, upon conditions which relieved the historian from the cares of business, and enabled him to spend his declining years in his old home in the Side, which the Ellisons occupied. This we gather from his will, dated December 8, 1656, seventeen years before he died. In that document he states that he has been "very much engaged and beholden" to his brother-in-law and sister "upon all occasions and straights whatsoever," and had found "much comfort and contentment in dwelling and cohabiting with them." He, therefore, bequeaths to Mr. Ellison his house in the Side, "now in the tenure or occupation of the said Robert Ellison, or his assigns," another house in the same street, lands and houses in Pandon, and outside Pandon Gate, and all other his "lands, tenements, and hereditaments in any place whatsoever, within the Nation and Commonwealth of England." The full text of the will is printed in volume xi. of the "Archæologia Æliana," before quoted, and

as he made no other, there seems to be good reason for the supposition that it formed the basis of an understanding with the hospitable brother-in-law. The inventory of his goods and chattels favours this view, for, apart from his purse, apparel, and library, he had barely £15 worth of household gear, and most of it was in two rooms—"his owne chamber" and "the next chamber."

William Gray died in February, 1673-74, aged 72, and was buried among his ancestors in the great church under the shadow of which he was born, and baptised, and lived his troubled life. The register of burials at St. Nicholas' records his interment in the following brief line—"Feb. 7, 1673. William Gray, mchant., bur."

No portrait of the author of the "Chorographia" is known to exist, but, if we may judge from his handwriting, he was a man of firmness and resolution. Three of his autographs have been preserved, and clearness and boldness of outline are the characteristics of all of them. One is written in the volume at Gateshead; the others are in the possession of the present writer. These latter are attached to two deeds—(1) dated 1643, the conveyance to Bulman before-mentioned; (2) dated 1659-60, the marriage settlement of his niece, Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Ellison, and her affianced husband, William Fenwick, of Stanton. When the nuptial agreement was signed, he was approaching his sixtieth year. The intended bride was reared under his own rooftree, and it must have been a happy moment when he handled the "gray goose quill," and wrote at the head of his relatives and friends, witnesses to the compact, the bold and legible signature-

with Gray.

### Warkworth Bridge Tower.



HE approach to the old village of Warkworth is by a bridge of many angles crossing the Coquet. This structure, which was rebuilt in

1379, bears few traces of the wearing hand of time. But a pillar, with the Percy arms on it, which was once an interesting feature, has long since disappeared. A small square tower and gateway, anciently forming part of the outworks of Warkworth Castle, stand at the south end of the bridge. Owing to its many attractions, Warkworth has become a popular holiday resort, and it will have to be conceded that few places in the North can vie with it in historical and romantic associations. The antiquary delights in the ruins of the old castle; the student dwells anew on the sorrows of poor Bertram, and cons once more Bishop Percy's description of the recluse's home in the ballad, "The Hermit of Warkworth"; the disciple of

Izaak Walton finds rare sport with the famed Coquet trout; and the artist fairly revels in the lovely and varied views that he can obtain within the distance of a hundred paces. Indeed, the knight of the pencil may at any time be found in some quaint nook recording the broken outline of the castle against the azure sky. It would be vain to conjecture how many times the place has been sketched and photographed. Suffice it to say that the greatest of all landscape painters, J. W. M. Turner, found here all that satisfied the aspirations of his mighty genius. Old T. M. Richardson, too, and, at a later period, John Storey and John Surtees, have produced many a fine drawing in the vicinity of Warkworth. For further historical particulars of the locality, with views of the castle, &c., the reader is referred to the Monthly Chronicle, 1890, page 23.

#### Woodhorn Church, Aorthumberland.

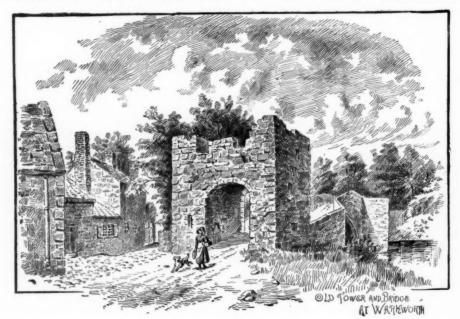
W

DODHORN is one of the bleak sea-board parishes of Northumberland. The name means the wooded horn or ness of land jutting out into the sea, whereof the pro-

montory on which the ancient church of Newbiggin is built forms the apex. The "forest primeval" has vanished, and is now only represented by a few meagrelooking elms and other trees. The village of Woodhorn has been outgrown by its dependent chapelry of Newbiggin. It is a place of somewhat uninviting aspect, and its generally bare and dreary appearance is not relieved by the gaunt sailless windmill which forms the most prominent object in the landscape.

The church, however, is an interesting edifice, and will well repay a visit. Many years ago it fell into the hands of an unmerciful and unscrupulous restorer, and no one can contemplate its present mutilated, incongruous, and inharmonious condition without experiencing a feeling of sincere regret that, in this as in so many other cases, deplorable ignorance and despicable taste have been permitted to interfere with an ancient structure of which the destroyed features, judging from what is left, must have been of the highest possible interest.

There was a church at Woodhorn before the Norman Conquest. It has been claimed that considerable remains of that so-called Saxon structure still exist, but it is certain that portions which have been ascribed to this early period are, in reality, of much later date. It is probable that the jambs of the tower-arch and the west wall of the nave, on the south side, are of pre-Conquest date; but, if this be granted, no further claim to such remote antiquity can possibly be sustained on behalf of any other portion. The tower-arch itself has certainly been rebuilt, and there can be little doubt that this was done when the earliest part of the existing south arcade was erected. Turning for a moment to remains of another kind, we find a number of interesting evidences of the pre-Conquest church of Woodhorn. These consist of early sepulchral monuments. Here, as in almost every other case, we are indebted for the preservation of these



ancient memorials of the dead to the fact that the dead are soon forgotten amongst the living. Men have always ceased to care for the monuments of the departed when the tradition of the men themselves, their virtues and their vices, had departed also. And so the grave-stones of one century are unscrupulously taken to build the new churches of the next. When Woodhorn church was restored, or, to be more correct, partly re-built, nearly fifty years ago, several grave-stones of pre-Conquest date were found embedded in the walls. These are now preserved in the church. Six of them are of comparatively late date, and probably belong to the first half of the eleventh century. They are plain, roundheaded head stones, adorned only with a Latin cross in relief. In one instance, however, the cross is incised. Several fragments of an earlier and more elaborate type of monument were also found. These are more or less covered with the well-known interlacing designs known as "knot-work." Three of these fragments are still preserved, but others, within recent years, have disappeared, doubtless to augment the treasures of some private collection. One piece is safely but most injudiciously walled into the modern porch, with the result that only one side can be seen. There is also a large slab with the knot-work on its edges. But the most interesting fragment is the head of a cross, covered no every side with the usual mysterious interlacings.

The original church of Woodburn consisted of a chancel, an aisleless nave, and a tower at the west end. The latter would unquestionably approximate to the usual type of North-Country pre-Conquest tower, now represented by the existing examples at Ovingham, Bywell. Corbridge, Warden, and Bolam, in Northumberland, and at Billingham, in the county of Durham. This early church appears to have remained untouched and unaltered until about the beginning of the twelfth century, when a north aisle was added. Of this north aisle, two bays of the arcade still exist. The arches are of the plainest and simplest possible character, consisting of one plain unchamfered order. They rest on massive cushioned capitals, and extremely short and heavy piers. About fifty years later, a south aisle was added. Of this, again, two bays exist. The arches are as plain as those on the north, but consist of two orders. The capitals, which have square abaci, are extremely plain, suggesting the need of some such relieving feature as was soon afterwards introduced in the Transitional volute. The piers, like those on the north, are plain cylinders, but are both less stunted and less massive. Contemporary with the south aisle was a new tower. For some reason the original arch taken down; but the jambs appear, as I have already said, to have been allowed to remain. Whether this view be accepted or not, it is perfectly certain that the present arch is not contemporary with the jambs on which it rests. Of the tower built about the middle of the twelfth century, the two lower stages still remain. There is a newel stairway in the south-east angle, which has been described as Saxon, but which must be seen, by anyone having the most superficial knowledge of early architecture, to be nothing of the kind. Nothing less like Saxon work could be found

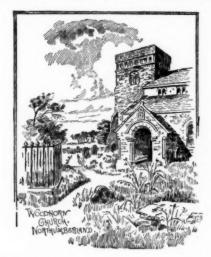


in the length and breadth of England. About this stairway there is nothing noticeable except its extreme narrowness. On the west side of the exterior of the tower is a curious male effigy, with the hands raised in the attitude of prayer. In the deplorable restoration of this church, the upper stages of the tower appear to have been taken down and replaced by one of the most extraordinary architectural monstrosities which could possibly be conceived. In other ways the church has been terribly deformed, but the modern part of the tower is the crowning barbarism, the ne plus ultra of architectural absurdity and ugliness, destroying most lamentably the whole character of the building.

The first half of the thirteenth century witnessed the reerection of the chancel, and a series of remarkable changes in the eastern half of the nave. The chancel is now the least altered part of the whole church. In the east gable is a triplet of equal sized lancets. There are two original small round-headed windows in each of the side walls. There is a priest's door in the middle of the south wall, but, in its present state, it is entirely the work of the restorer, and what it replaces I am unable to say. In the same wall, at the east end there is a very curious window, of four lights. The tracery, if tracery it can be called, is of the most extraordinary character. On the outside, over the centre, is a heraldic shield, bearing three crowns, the seal of the priory of Tynemouth, to which the rectory of Woodhorn had been appropriated. At the west end of the same wall is a small pointed window, which might be described as a "low-side window," except that it is not low at all, but unusually high. The chancel arch is of two plain chamfered orders, and is rather lofty, but is not of good proportions. It rests on brackets in the side walls.

About the time when the chancel was built the eastern halves of both north and south arcades were taken down, and their place supplied by two wide and lofty arches. These seem to me to indicate the existence of north and south transepts, of which, however, it is almost needless to say, all other traces have disappeared. These arches, though almost, if not quite, contemporary in date, differ greatly in character. The one on the south is as plain as possible. It is a pointed arch of two chamfered orders. It rises awkwardly from the abacus of the original arcade on the west, and dies into the wall of the nave on the east. The arch on the north is a remarkable piece of architecture. On the outer, or north side, it presents two plain chamfered orders; but on the inner side, or towards the nave, these orders are richly and elaborately moulded, the hollows being very deeply undercut. On the west side it also rests on the abacus of the original arcade, but on the east side it comes down to a bracket, formed of three shafts, which rest on a carved head, and are surmounted by well-developed conventional Early English foliage, the whole, however, being very rudely sculptured, the execution falling far short of the design.

On coming towards the church from the village, our attention is first drawn to the stone churchyard stile. Every country churchyard, in the days of our grandfathers, had its stile. I am sorry to say they have almost universally disappeared. Long may the churchstile of Woodhorn be preserved! May it be jealously watched and guarded by present and future parishioners! Though we should probably find the wooden gate close beside unfastened, yet, for the respect we bear to the days of long ago, we prefer to enter the churchyard by mounting the stile. Over these stone steps our grandfathers and grandmothers went to church. Those were picturesque times, and the lives, nay, the very costumes of the people. were picturesque also. We may rejoice, as we ought, in the advantages of our own day, but it is worse than folly to forget to respect, and even reverence, times and



people that have passed away. The past of English life and history is full of poetry and romance to every true Englishman; but I dare say the time that to most of us seems richest in associations that we love to cherish is the time of which the living memory of the aged has spoken in our own young days. Pictures of those times are kindled in our imagination by the sight of a churchyard stile.

Over the porch doorway we find a sun dial. It is not an ancient one, but it bears an old inscription:

Soles percunt et imputantur,

which may be rendered, though not very literally, "The days pass by, and yet account is kept of them." The initials inscribed on the dial, "T. R. S.," are those of one of the vicars of Woodhorn, the Rev. Thomas Shipperdson, during whose incumbency the fatal restoration took place. Mr. Shipperdson was a man of considerable scholarship and ability, but also full of eccentricities. Many racy stories are told of him at Durham, where he lived for

many years as rector of the church of St. Mary, in the North Bailey. Probably he is similarly remembered at Woodhorn.

The architectural features of the interior of the church have already been described. Besides the early sepulchral memorials which I have mentioned, there are others which deserve to be examined. Some of these are inserted in the walls of the porch. One grave cover bears a short sword or dagger, in a very unusual position, i.e., over the head of the cross, which is carved in relief. In the south aisle is a grave cover of a child, of early date, bearing a cross carved in very bold relief. Besides these there are several fragments, and though they are of types which are more frequently met with, yet two or three of them deserve especial attention on account of the beauty of their designs.

In the chancel there in an early fourteenth century effigy of a lady. She has, with reckless disregard to her costume, been described as an abbess. She wears a large veil, which is thrown back from her face. She is attired in a long loose gown, which descends in ample folds to her feet. Over her head is a canopy, and on the top of this is a group, of which the Virgin and Child form the centre, with a kneeling female figure in an attitude of adoration on each side. Beneath the feet of the effigy is a lion, whilst each foot is clasped by a praying female figure.

On the vestry mantel shelf the visitor will find a loose brass plate which ought to be at once fixed to the wall of some part of the church. If this is not done, it will sooner or later be carried off by some collector. It bears the following inscription:—

An Acrostick
Epitaph on a vertuous Gentleweman, who died on Palm Sunday,
March 24th, 1693.
A.skest thou Reader who lyes here
N.o common Corps, then List & you shall hear
G.oodness, rare meekness, Zeal, pure Chastitle
Interred together in this Ground do lie.
B.ehold her acts whilst here she made abode.
S.he liv'd belov'd of men & died lov'd of God
Mrs. Aun Railston.

Ann Gibbs was no doubt the maiden name of the lady.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

### Billy Purbis.

T.



NNOCENT amusement is one of the necessaries of healthy human life; and he who can provide it does the world good service. No better servant of this kind ever flourished

in the North-Countree than our old acquaintance Billy Purvis, whom everybody from the Tweed to the Tees knew, whom everybody liked, and whom nobody ever was, by any chance, the worse for seeing or hearing. His booth was the great centre of attraction at fairs, and hoppings, and feasts, and even races, all over the district. Nobody ever wearied of his funny pranks. All that he

said and did was racy of the soil. And in the ages to come we may have a thousand first-rate funny fellows—perfect in their several lines—but we never, till doomsday, shall see another Billy Purvis.

William Purvis was born on the 13th January, 1784, at Auchindinny, a village about seven and a half miles from Edinburgh, on the road to Peebles, in a romantic dell through which flows the North Esk, and within a mile or two of Roslin and Hawthornden, the favourite haunt of the Scottish muse. Billy was a twin, the mother having had five children at three births. His father, who was a tailor, consoled himself with the philosophic apophthegm, that "where there's bairns there's brose." In Billy's autobiography, written for him by J. P. Robson, the local poet of Newcastle, he tells us he "very soon commenced to laugh, craw, and dance, and showed evident proofs of experiencing the greatest pleasure and delight"—meet prelude to his free-and-easy after life.

When he was about two years old, his parents left Auchindinny, and settled in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. His father took a house in the Close, and in that same house Billy resided ever after, making it during a period of sixty-four years the central point round which all his movements turned. In speech, manners, sympathies, and soul, he was a devoted Novocastrian, and, though he was constantly on his travels, "canny Newcassel" was ever his haven of rest when he was not engaged on the sea of adventures elsewhere.

Billy served his apprenticeship in the Bigg Market to a joiner and house carpenter named Chapman, after imbibing the rudiments of knowledge at a school in what was then called the Mount, in the Castle Garth. But his partiality for the stage was exhibited from his earliest years. He became "call boy" at the Theatre Royal whilst it was under the management of Stephen Kemble. and he joined the corps of the Newcastle Volunteers as drummer boy in 1794. After the expiry of his seven years' apprenticeship to Mr. Chapman, he worked for several years at his business; but he continued to have a strong hankering for the sock and buskin, and he soon made himself locally famous as the manager of a corps of amateur performers at the sign of the St. George and Dragon, Gateshead, kept by a person named Greenwell. On a certain occasion it was proposed by the members of this Thespian society to get up the tragedy of "Venice Preserved." Here is Billy's account of how they did it :-

I remember the circumstances as if they happened yesterday. The cast, you may imagine, was very heavy. Robert Youdal was the Pierre, and your humble servant Billy was the Jaffier of the night. We prepared to dress in the costume proper for the occasion, and, mind, it was none of your tag-rag and bobtail dresses; they were grand as wor Mayor's or Lord Judge's claes. I began to feel very queer as the time came on for the rising of the curtain; but Youdal, who, like myself, was not a teetotaller (though, by the by, I never was an intemperate man in my life), walks up to me—"Bill! by gox, let's have a glass of brandy,

man! It'll make us speak better." "Wiv a' my heart and pluck," said Billy, and off we sallied, and we each got a glass of the potent cognac. Bless your souls, hinnies, it ran through us and warmed us all over. I cared for nowt then. It made new men of both. Still the curtain did not rise. "Hoots, Bob, let's hae another glass apiece; man, it's splendacious! It'll put fresh pluck int' us!" "Agreed," said Youdal, and the glasses were filled, and drunk on the premises in quick time. And let ue tell you we did not forget Belvidera. She got her share, you may depend, and she was as funny as a fiddler. The first act was finished, and the second just commenced, when all of a sudden I turned as dumb as a cuddy wi' a lockjaw. I could not speak a single word. My tongue stuck hard and fast to the roof of my mouth; and there you might have seen poor Jaffier gaping like a "raw got" in the middle of the stage. It was just like as if my jaws had been glued together with gutta percha. I could not proceed, and in consequence the play could not go on. Belvidera, poor thing, was as bad as I was. So we made a mess on't. The audience, however, enjoyed the joke amazingly, and we did not make ourselves bad about it. The farce of "Raising the Wind" followed, and the wind certainly was raised to some perfection. In the tea scene we substituted pieces of chalk for loaf sugar; we had hard boiled eggs with the shells off, and bread and butter. Bob Youdal played Jeremy Diddler. The grand display of bolting the provisions commenced. Youdal crammed his mouth with the hard boiled eggs: away they went. In he stuffed the lumps of chalk, with a huge piece of bread. His jaws worked like a pump. But, all of a sudden, his face went red, and his eyes stared like a mad dog. Bob was choking, by George! The audience was delighted with the exhibition, but we, who were now beginning to think that it was all dicky with yeer now beginning to think that it was all dicky with yeer en ow beginning to think that it was all dicky with yeer en ow beginning to thi

Billy soon began to be a person of great consequence in the theatrical profession, though he was still following his trade as a carpenter. Seldom, he tells us, did he absent himself from the bench to be present on the stage. Perhaps, when a party "hard up," and soliciting his assistance, came in his way, he might sacrifice a few hours for the purpose of affording to the poor player what relief he could; but, generally speaking, he attended to his work as a regular man. On one occasion, when he had been asked to assist in getting up a benefit for somebody or other, and permission had been obtained to use the Turk's Head long room as a theatre, the following farce was played:—

The play was Douglas. I played Young Norval. The performance went on beautifully till I appeared with my sword by my side, and the shield, "round as yon moon," on my left arm. "My name is Norval—on the Grampian Hills my father feeds his flock." A voice from the gallery: "Ye're a greet leer! Yor father an' mother sells apples an' peers in Denton Chare." That completely spoiled poor Billy's speech. But I commenced again, and proceeded without any particular interruption till the last scene ends Douglas's strange eventful history, which is marked by the death of Young Norval. I was lying "dead as mutton" on the stage. The scene had to fall to enable me to rise. But, smash! if the hang'd thing didn't stick hard and fast. "Whaat are ye dein' ye fyule?" whispered I. Still the cords were sticking. I lay for a while swearing to myself. Hinnies, I never knew till a heavy shower of grey peas rattles about my lugs. Ah! Geordy Angus was the artilleryman, and fired the grape. Now thinks I for a bit spree! Accordingly, I slowly lifted up my right leg to a considerable height, then let it fall again. A general burst of laughter was the consequence. Slowly and sadly rises the left leg

and down it goes again. Increased laughter followed the performance. Up went both legs at once, then down again. Then I sat "bolt upright on my head"s antipodes." Next I turned my head from side to side, and rolled my eyes about like the Grand Turk in the German locks, grinning at the same time like the head of an old fiddle. At last I got on my feet, and stood for a while staring at the folks. The effect seemed to take the place by storm. Roars of laughter, shouts of "bravo," elapping of hands, thumping with sticks, and all the other et ceteras of an uproarious congregation followed this display. But when Billy stretched his leg out, and, taking a prodigious step, cleared the stage, the confusion was tremendous. The finest scene of Edmund Kean never elicited greater applause,

But while the amateurs were getting some refreshment in the Nag's Head, after the labours of the night, the gentleman for whose benefit the play had been got up ran away with the proceeds, leaving his friends to pay his reckoning. Poor Billy was responsible for fifteen shillings, as payment for some baize he had ordered and received to make his grateful friend's green curtain of a breadth suitable for the size of the long room. Our hero was often deceived in this way. But it never taught him to button up his pocket while there was anything in it, or to turn a deaf ear to the voice of such charmers as wanted to make use of him in a professional way. Mr. Robert Sutherland, in an obituary notice of Billy which be contributed to the Northern Tribune in 1854, says:—

There never was a case of distress brought to his notice, but, as long as he had shot in the locker, he contributed to its relief. The district was never visited by a great calamity, whether a shipwreck on the treacherous ocean or an explosion in the bowels of the earth, but Billy threw open the doors of his pavilion for a benefit for the widows and orphans: and the old chap was never more importunate in asking people to "walk up, walk up!" Who ever heard of Billy's sending a castaway sailor from his booth unheard? Before Shipwrecked Mariners' Societies were instituted, when poor sailors wrecked on the coast of Norfolk or down in the North Countree had to beg their way home, how oft has Billy's show, in a town they were passing through, been to them as the oasis in the desert to the weary traveller!

A scene at Sunderland, where he had gone by express invitation of the lessee of the North Shields Theatre, Mr. Foxhall, who had got a bespeak from the colonel and officers of the Usworth Legion, then on permanent duty there, is as laughable as anything of the kind:—

I made my appearance amid general applause; but, for some reason or other which I was at a loss to define precisely at the time, there was considerably more merriment among the audience than was consistent with the great gravity of the tragic scene. And what was my astoniahment to find that the actors themselves were actually giggling and laughing on the stage. There was Mr. Glenalvon grinning, and Lord Randolph in a very merry mood smudging ever and anon! By George, thinks I, but this is queer work, my bucks! When I got off the stage and had an opportunity, I began to blow the gentlemen up. "Sirs," said I, "don't you think this is very fine behaviour, now? Here have as cum from Newcassel on purpose te de a good turn, and am I to be laughed at! Aa dinnet confess to be first-rate in the business, but aa's not to be laughed at for all that, and aa'll be hanged if an'll stand it, se aa tell ye plump te yor cheeka. Mind, if ye gan on agyen smudgin' and anortin' at me, dash me if aa dinnet run ye through." They saw I was serious. They very politely begged my pardon, and promised different conduct for the future. But I saw it was all a

parcel of nonsense. I had scarcely been on the stage with the customers a minute or two when they started the game worse than ever. Billy's blood was up. I could stand it no longer. We were playing at the time before a back scene, which had been painted, to save canvas, on the bare wall. Drawing my sword with great theatrical effect, I walked up to the vagabonds, and forgetting for the time the magnanimous character I was acting, I broke out with—"Didn't aa tell ye before, that if ye wor determined te gan on gurnin' and laughin' and makin' game o' everything aa said, aa wad run ye through?" And, by George, I began to put my terrible threat into execution. With my drawn sword in my hand I made a spring at them. They cut like scalded cats, and Billy after them round and round the stage. Now they ran to the front, and then to the back, and so on, till at last they found an opportunity to escape from the sword of the conquering chief. By gox, Geordie, aa spoiled their grinnin' for a while. Aa nearly freetened them oot o' their wits. Smash! aa ga' them such a corker! But the spree was not finished yet. Thinks I, now these cheps hae been making a fine time on't wi' me; I'll just hae a bit fun te mysel'. It came to the dying scene in the play. Mrs. Stanfield, a very excellent and accomplished actress, played Lady Randolph. When the business came to the fall of Young Norval, which creates such sad feelings and expressions for his mother, I suddenly took it into my head that I would not die. Mrs. Stanfield, poor body, was at a loss what to think, and, no doubt, imagining I must have forgotten my cue, she whispered hastily, "Lie down, lie down, and die!" I just looked up in her face, and shouted out at the pitch o' my voice, "No, aa'll be very sorry te de owt o' the kind. Noa, aa'll not dee! If aa want te dee, aa can gan hyem an' dee; aa'll not dee te please ye!" Lady Randolph was completely astonished. She stood like Patience on a monument, grumblin' tiv hersel'. And there I left her standing, while I walked very compos

Mr. Ord, whom many of our older readers will remember as one of the most famous equestrian performers in the Ducrow line that England or Scotland ever bred, hearing of Billy's renown, asked him to play clown for him in his booth on the Town Moor at the Newcastle Races. He could not decide immediately what course to pursue, as family considerations weighed against his own inclinations. He was by this time a married man, and had domestic felicity to consider. He knew that not only his wife, but his father and mother, were decidedly opposed to any of his exhibitions in public. So his answer was neither he would nor he wouldn't. Mr. Ord afterwards sent one of his men to speak to him on the matter. When the messenger made his appearance, he found Billy's father seated on his board, stitching away, poor man, at somebody's upper coat. A rumpus soon ensued. "Mr. Purvis within, sir?" "My name's Purvis," said the old gentleman, lifting his spectacles and fixing them properly on his nose. "I beg pardon, but it's your son I wish to see, sir." "An' what's your business wi' him, if it's a fair question?" The man began to smell a rat. "Oh, my business, sir, is merely to deliver a message for Mr. Ord, the equestrian." "An' what may the message be ?" dryly inquired Mr. Purvis, senior. "Mr. Ord, sir, desired me to call upon your son to see if he will play the fool for him during the Race Week." The tailor jumped from his seat in an instant, and, snatching up the lapboard that lay near him, cried out, "Ye moontebank deil, aa'll fyeul ye! What! ma son a fyeul, ye hallanstaker scoundrel? Be off wi'ye! Be off in a minute or aw'll be the dyeth o'ye!" The poor fellow, thinking it better not to aggravate the old man's wrath by arguing the point, made a precipate retreat downstairs. But before he could get to the bottom the lapboard came thundering after him, accompanied by a voice exclaiming, "There's for ye, ye ugly deil's buckie! a fyeul indeed!" and so on.

But the temptation was too strong to be resisted. So, after he had partaken of several glasses of grog at Mr. Ord's expense, Billy engaged to play the fool at the races. It caused a terrible storm in the household, but that could not be helped. The guinea that he got for his first day's performance his wife threw indignantly under the bars. But he had crossed the Rubicon, and was not to be let or hindered from marching further. After playing the fool to admiration for some time, he commenced as a dancing master, and was equally successful in this new branch of industry, though he had never in his life attended a dancing school.

Billy's next step was to take the place of drum-major in the Hexham Militia, which happened to be vacant. At Hexham he fell in with a professor of the arts and mysteries of hydraulics, whose exhibition was a failure, and who ran away, leaving his apparatus behind him. Billy undertook to work the machinery himself, and he did it successfully. Then he turned dancing master again, and introduced a series of novel exercises, such as the "Countryman's Dance," which, being performed in character, accompanied by smock frocks, pitchforks, and other agricultural appendages, amused his audience greatly.

# Methodism in Newcastle.

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N the spring of 1743, less than twelve months after John Wesley's first visit to the North, class organisation came into existence, the

newly-made rules being drawn up by the great propagandist whilst in Newcastle, and first printed by John Gooding in the Side.

At Wesley's first Conference—June, 1744—Newcastle was reported as one of four centres from which it was hoped to gradually diffuse the Gospel over the whole land. At the following Conference it was made one of the three book centres, Bristol and London being the other two. This year—1745—we have the first record of Wesley's assistants, when they numbered fourteen, exclusive of clergymen.

Newcastle and district was brought prominently before the Conference of 1748. It is recorded in the following manner:—"Q. 2. We are again pressed only to preach in as many places as we can, but not to form any societies. Shall we follow this advice?—Answer: By no means. We have preached for more than a year without forming societies, in a large tract of land, from Newcastle to Berwick-upon-Tweed, and almost all the seed has fallen by the wayside. There is scarcely any fruit of it remaining." At this Conference the societies were divided into nine sections, Newcastle being the head of the ninth, and composed of the following places:—Newcastle, Osmotherly, Sunderland, Biddick, Burnopfield, Spen, Swalwell, Horsley, Plessey, and Berwick-upon-Tweed. Since that date its divisions and sub-divisions have been numerous.

It was in May, 1753, that the first quarterly meeting was held in Newcastle. The meeting was composed "of all the stewards round Newcastle," the object being to "thoroughly understand both the spiritual and temporal state of every society." Hexham had by this time been added to the Newcastle circuit, which was in charge of three preachers.

Charles Wesley composed several of his most popular hymns in Newcastle. Preaching on one occasion to an immense congregation, the blazing fires from some adjoining collieries gleamed upon the people. Seizing hold of the circumstance, he applied it to the rapid spread of religion from small beginnings. The hymn begins as follows:—

See how great a flame aspires, Kindled by a spark of grace; Jesu's love the nations fires, Sets the kingdoms in a blaze.

In 1765, when the first list of the stations was given in the minutes of the Conference, four preachers were appointed to the Newcastle circuit :- Joseph Cownley, Christopher Hopper, Matthew Lowes, and Moseley Cheek. The appointment of Mr. Hopper as one of the first ministers of the circuit showed the importance Mr. Wesley attached to it. Mr. Hopper was a native of Coalburns, near the Spen, and had been engaged as one of Mr. Wesley's preachers for nearly twenty years prior to the date mentioned above. In 1759 he attended the London Conference, where he was regarded as "a burning and shining light," and at the particular request of Mr. Wesley, he visited Canterbury and Dover, where we are told he "left his mark behind him." At the Conference of 1780, Wesley was temporarily absent, for some cause or other, and the preachers made Mr. Hopper president. Such was their respect for him. He was, therefore, the first lay preacher so honoured. He also "travelled" in Newcastle in 1772 and 1783.

John Murlin and Thomas Hanby, who were in this circuit in 1769, were the two first unordained preachers who were set apart by Mr. Wesley to administer the sacraments. Mr. Hanby was a native of Leeds, where he received his religious training, and began to preach. Being appointed to Leeds in the year 1765, he painted the chapel with his own hands. He died in 1797, and the record in the minutes is:—"His temper was

remarkably mild and gentle. His qualifications for the ministry were very great, and his character unexceptionable. His praise is in our societies, and his memory will long be precious to thousands." He is said to have been "a man of mark and mould"; and, though known as "the benevolent and meek Thomas Hanby," he bore with indomitable courage persecutions of almost unexampled brutality. He became President of the Conference in 1794. Peter Jaco, who succeeded Mr. Hanby in Newcastle, was subsequently sent to London, to supply in Mr. Wesley's absence,

William Thompson, the first president after Wesley's death, "travelled" Tyneside in 1771. He was succeeded by Joseph Benson, the well-known Wesleyan divine and Commentator. Mr. Benson was also stationed in Newcastle in 1775 and 1776. He was twice President of the Conference—1798 and 1810. It was to Benson that Wesley gave such stringent directions "to cut off from the society" all who would not relinquish the sin of smuggling—a very prevalent sin in the district at that time. Thompson had a second appointment to Newcastle in 1774, and a third in 1778. Benjamin Rhodes, the author of the familiar hymn, "My Heart and Voice I Raise," was superintendent of the circuit in 1776.

In 1782, Sunderland was separated from the Newcastle circuit, and made the head of a circuit with places adjacent. In that year the Newcastle ministers were Duncan M'Allum, Alexander M'Nab, Thomas Ellis, and John Pritchard. M'Nab is said to have been "very useful until he yielded to a spirit of self-assertion." John Pritchard was noted for his natural timidity and selfdistrust. This, however, he eventually overcame, and he became the first Chairman of the Newcastle District. In 1786, Joseph Saunderson was second minister in Newcastle. He is described as "a prince of a preacher for ease, grace, voice, matter, manner, point, pathos, and beautiful imagery." He was related to the famous blind mathematician, Dr. Nicholas Saunderson, Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, and the intimate friend of Sir Isaac Newton. The next year-1787-the superintendent of the circuit was James Wood, who was President of the Conference in 1800, and again in 1808. In 1879, Charles Atmore, who had only been in the ministry eight years, was appointed superintendent, which position he held at John Wesley's death. He was President of the Conference in 1811. It was Mr. Atmore who formed the first Methodist Sunday school in Newcastle.

Such is the group of men who assisted Wesley to establish Methodism in Newcastle—a picturesque group, with hair smoothed piously over the forehead (when they were fortunate enough to have any hair), or rigidly brushed back and tied together in a pig-tail, or perhaps hidden altogether under a wig. They were clean shaven; for beards, and even whiskers, were tokens of worldliness that had not yet crept in to mar their simplicity; though a change might have been urged on the ground of

economy, for William Shent's account for shaving the preachers during the Conference of 1775 was three guineas. Their dress was the coat of high collars and tight sleeves; the breeches and stockings of varied character, from black silk to coarse grey homespun. When they went forth to their appointments, it was generally on horseback, with broad-brimmed hats, long, heavy coats, and the inevitable saddle-bags with their multifarious contents-linen, books, and that then very important article, now obsolete, a tinder-box with its appurtenances. The "circuit horse" was perpetually on the trot, taking a round with one or other of the preachers. As an institution, the circuit saddle-horse bas, it is true, joined other extinct species; but it deserves, at the least, honourable mention in a notice of early Methodism. MARK NOBLE.

## Ambleside, Windermere, and the Lake District.



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HERE are two chief resorts for tourists in the English Lake District—Ambleside in the south and Keswick in the north. During the summer months, thousands of people

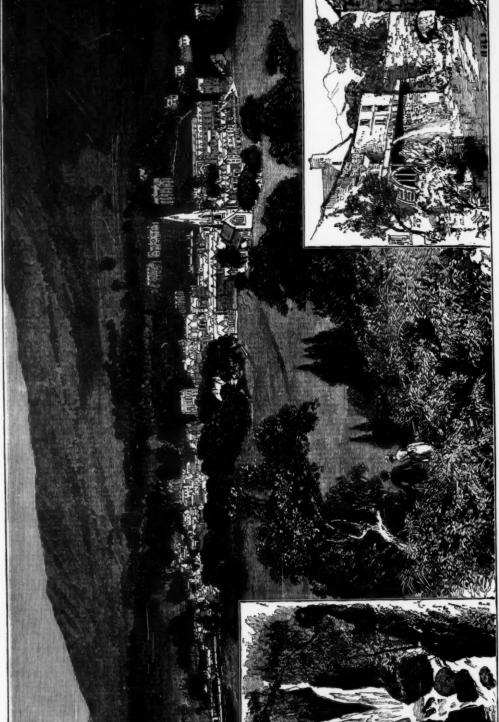
from all parts of the world flock to these places, with the object of visiting the scenes immortalised by Wordsworth and other poets, or, as in the case of the younger portion of the community, of climbing the mountains for the sake of the extended views that may be obtained from the summits. Within recent years the number of visitors has considerably increased, the accommodation of the hotels and private lodging-bouses being frequently taxed to the uttermost. The greater portion of the pleasure-seekers approach "England's playground," as the Lake District has not inaptly been termed, by way of Ambleside, for the reason probably that this town is nearest to London, Liverpool, Manchester, and other of the great centres of population. The season extends from the beginning of June to the middle of September, all which time the incoming and outgoing of visitors never seem to cease.

A hasty glance at the map of the district soon discloses the circumstance that Ambleside occupies an advantageous position for visiting all the popular sights in the southern half of the Lake Region. Coaches start from the Market Place for Keswick, Coniston, and Langdale, and omnibuses to Grasmere, Rydal, and other parts of the district. Before electing to take a seat beside the driver of one of the coaches, we will pay a visit of inspection to the attractions of the town. They are not numerous. There is the famous Stockgill Force, some half a mile away. Having proceeded a short distance along the banks of the stream called the Stock, we climb to the rocky station in full view of the waterfall, or descend to

the water's edge. As will be seen from our engraving, the fall is divided by projections of the rock into four parts, the total height being about seventy feet. The form which it assumes is symmetrical, and the cliffs are tufted with foliage, the whole presenting a very pretty picture that has been painted and photographed times out of number. Retracing our steps down the glen, we soon come in sight of the old church-only called old because the date of erection, 1812, is antecedent to that of the more pretentions edifice that was built in 1854 nearer the centre of the valley. The latter is a spacious building in the mediæval style, but its form and style do not commend it to those who appreciate chaste architecture. One of the stained-glass windows, a memorial to Wordsworth, was erected by a number of English and American admirers of the poet, and bears a Latin inscription.

At the north end of Ambleside, embosomed in sycamore trees, and for this reason often passed unnoticed, is the Bridge House, a curious erection that has puzzled many. Approached by steps from the turnpike road, and having an antiquated aspect, it might be supposed to have possessed a history. But it turns out to be of no greater importance than a summer-house to a neighbouring mansion. It has engaged the pencil of the artist so frequently that local guides will tell you that no picture exhibition is reckoned to be complete without a sketch of it. The present tenant uses it as a storehouse for ferns and rare plants—so that, although detached from any garden of importance, it has returned to its original uses. A short visit may be paid to the old mill at the other side of the road, with its waterwheel and weir, and the old bridge in the background. It, too, is a favourite subject with the sketcher, though it cannot claim such honours as the Bridge House. Our drawing is taken from the top of the weir, only one of the props at the right being shown.

Two mountain eminences are ever present in views of Ambleside-Loughrigg Fell to the west, and Wansfell to the east. From the top of either of these hills the views are very fine. Looking towards the town, we find spread out before us an agglomeration of cottages and residences. Villas, surrounded by gardens, lawns, and woods, are numerous, amongst them being The Knoll, once the residence of Harriet Martineau. But the grandest view of all is that down Windermere, as shown in our illustration. After watching the skilful manner in which the collie and his master keep the flock of "mountain skippers" together, we may proceed to examine the scene. A meadowy expanse extends from below to the waters of the lake. To the left is a small bay, with a hotel and dwelling-houses lost amongst tall trees. This is Waterhead, where the steam yacht, seen in the distance, finds a berth and discharges its living cargo. Here, too, is a quay for pleasure boats. The village of Bowness peeps over the promontory to the left, and the eye, ranging along the borders of the lake, is met in the extreme distance by



THE OLD MILL, 4



WINDERMERE LAKE: LOOKING SOUTH.

the low-lying hills around Cartmell. Occupying a bluff to the right is Wray Castle, a modern castellated mansion of huge proportions, built in imitation of a baronial fortress. Opinions may differ as to whether it is in harmony with the soft beauty of the lake, but it must be conceded that it forms a striking feature in all the views from the northern shores. The river that winds its way towards the broader expanse of water is the Brathay, which, after coursing down the Langdale valley, absorbs the Rothay, with its pleasant echoes of Rydal and Grasmere, near to Ambleside. Near the mouth of the Brathay was the Roman station Dictis, not many indications of which are now visible. It was of an oblong form, and was defended by a fosse and vallum.

The ancient ceremony of rush-bearing is still observed at Ambleside. On the eve of the last Sunday in July, the young girls of the village walk in procession to the church with garlands of flowers (formerly rushes), with which the sacred edifice is decorated. After service the day following, all the flowers are removed, and a sermon with special reference to the event is preached. The observance of rush-bearing probably dates as far back as the time of Pope Gregory IV., who recommended to the early Christians in this country that, on the anniversary of the dedication of churches wrested from the Pagans, the converts should build themselves huts of the boughs of trees, and celebrate the solemnities with religious feasting. Rushes were in the early days spread on the floor, while the garlands were allowed to remain until they withered. Long after the origin of the practice had been forgotten, rushes continued to be placed on the floors; but it is conjectured that the motive was to absorb the moisture, and so make the churches more comfortable for the worshippers.

## The Case of Thomas Furp.



ANY a remarkable career has been cut short on the gallows, but seldom has a criminal produced evidence of literary attainments and a philosophical mind when the judge was

about to assume the black cap to pronounce sentence of death upon him. That distinction, however, was earned by Thomas Fury on April 27th, 1882, before Mr. Justice Williams, at Durham Assizes, when he was convicted on his own confession of having murdered Maria Fitzsimmons at Sunderland thirteen years before. The trial made a great sensation in the North of England, but no one was prepared for the singular revelation of a criminal's views upon crime, its cause and effect, which Fury had written in his cell when, after thirteen years of prison life, he resolved to give himself up for the murder which till then had been a mystery. This extraordinary document the convict threw into the reporters' box at the assizes on being stopped by the judge in the reading of it.

It is necessary to explain that Maria Fitzsimmons, the unfortunate woman who met her death on the afternoon of February 20th, 1869, was well known to the Sunderland police as a disorderly character, having appeared 23 times before the borough justices. On the night of the 19th of February an unknown man, attired as a seaman, accompanied the woman to her room in Baines's Lanea low locality demolished about twelve years ago to make way for James Williams Street-and remained with her until next day. Then the wretched pair quarrelled, the man accusing the woman of having robbed him, and about ten o'clock the same night Maria Fitzsimmons was found murdered under circumstances of peculiar savagery. A keen knife had been plunged ten times into the woman's breast, five of the stabs penetrating the heart. Strict search was made for the sailor in whose company the victim was last seen on the 20th of February, and it was ascertained that the murderer was one of the crew of the Lollard, a small schooner, belonging to the late Mr. Candlish, and engaged in carrying bottles between Sunderland or Seaham Harbour and London. The man was known as Fury, alias Wright or Cort, the cook of the schooner, and he was singled out as the perpetrator of the deed; but he disappeared altogether for a period of ten years, and when, in 1879, he was identified with a criminal convicted at Norwich of robbery and attempted murder, the Baines's Lane tragedy had become so difficult to unravel that it was not thought desirable to charge him with the commission of the crime. But the suspected man came forward himself. The prisoner, convicted and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude at Norwich in 1879, was under confinement at Pentonville Prison; and on the slate left in his cell he wrote a detailed confession of the murder of Maria Fitzsimmons, demanding that he should be placed upon his trial for the offence. It was recollected that a pocket book containing a confession of the crime was found by chance floating in the Serpentine, and the statements in the pocket book, being compared with those on Fury's slate, were found to correspond wonderfully both as regards the handwriting and the facts. The pocket book was traced to the possession of Fury, who had stolen it from a companion named Lawrence when he deserted from the Lollard. It was further discovered that Fury was the person who procured the arrest of an innocent man Connor in London for the very crime which he had himself committed, and that he decamped when he learned that Detective Inspector Elliott, of Sunderland, had arrived in the metropolis to see the accused. Altogether it was considered that there was sufficient confirmation of Fury's confession to warrant his being placed upon trial, and he was accordingly committed to Durham Assizes upon the charge of having murdered the woman Fitzsimmons.

At the trial, Fury, on being introduced into the dock, coolly looked towards the Grand Jury gallery and the reporters' box, and as the occupants of the latter place came under his observation an inclination to smile was apparent on his face. He conquered the impulse in a moment, and having given his attention, at the request of the Clerk of Arraigns, to the swearing of the jury, he took the seat provided for him in the dock. In addition to the facts already narrated, it was pointed out by the prosecution that a wound on the little finger was mentioned in both confessions, and that the prisoner showed the mate of his vessel a severe wound on his little finger on the night of the 20th of February. The jury having returned a verdict of guilty, Fury requested to be allowed to make a statement. Permission was granted, and he took from his pocket a bundle of blue paper, closely written. Replacing a sheet or two in his pocket and unrolling the remainder, he flattened the sheets out and commenced to read. He had evidently committed the matter to memory, as he only glanced at the sheets in his hand, while he entered into a strong exordium on the sin and vice of drunkenness, interpolating freely, and giving some painful and startling passages from his own life. The judge, interrupting, said he was very sorry to stop the prisoner, but he felt bound to point out that the statement he was reading had no bearing upon the question then before the court. Fury thereupon threw the manuscript to the reporters, and sentence of death (afterwards carried out in the usual manner) was pronounced. The prisoner heard his sentence without showing the slightest sign of trepidation or feeling of any kind, and when the judge ceased to speak, he took the remaining sheets of blue paper from his pocket, and sent them also over to the reporters' box.

It is from this remarkable document, which was published in full at the time of the trial, unique in the annals of crime, that we take the extracts which appear in the following pages.

I stand charged with the most serious crime which it is thought possible for a man to commit against that society of which you, gentlemen of the jury, form a part.

This charge is preferred against me chiefly upon my own confession, and although I knew that for many year past the police have had me marked and watched as the suspected person, yet until about three years ago I thought it fit to put on a bold front, and to appear unconscious of their suspicions. Upon my apprehension for the offences for which I am now undergoing penal servitude, I gave a person an idea of who I was, and what I was wanted for, which he does not appear to have fully availed himself of.

The murder, gentlemen, was committed with such revolting and horrid accompaniments that you would naturally suppose the murderer would have done his utmost to avoid the presence of those who were likely to identify to avoid the presence of those who were likely to identify him, and that he would not, on more than one occasion, draw the attention of the police and the public to it again, and that the longer he remained unnoticed, the more he would have wished to avoid the apprehension, exposure, shame, and penalty, as well as the shame he might occasion to his relatives who might still be living and heavefit.

Gentlemen, every cause must have an effect, and every effect an antecedent cause, or series of causes.

What, then, can be the cause or reasons that a man,

only just in the prime of life, and after escaping so many years the penalty due by the laws of this country for the crime he committed, should voluntarily yield himself to suffer that penalty? Self-preservation is the first law of nature ; to this all other laws are subservient. How strong, then, must be the causes or reasons which can make a man, in his sober senses, forego or altogether reject this law! And if, as asserted by one of the clearest intellects this country has produced, I mean the "Judicious Hooker," is be true that "a law of nature is the will of God," how great must be the responsibility of those who have caused me to break that law; and not only so, but who cause others, thousands, every day to break other laws of nature, and punish them if they do not, and even expect thanks for compelling them to violate those laws, By speaking thus, I do not attempt to lay the blame of my own acts upon others, for it is perfectly clear that the will and acts of a man in his senses are really his own, and that he is responsible for them; otherwise the laws of society would be an intolerable tyranny to a few, instead

of a means of safety to the many.

Before I speak of the murder of this unfortunate woman, I wish briefly to draw your attention to (1st) the circumstances which led to it; and (2nd) to the reasons which have induced me to give myself up for it. Gentlemen, I have pleaded guilty; and although my past career, as both a thief and a liar, would not, under ordinary circumstances, entitle me to receive any credit in regard to my statements, yet, as I now stand before you for the last time as a dying or rather a dead man, I beg for the last time as a dying or rather a dead man, I beg your attention to the few words I now address to you—not for my own benefit, but for your own, and for the benefit, perhaps, of many others of every class of society; at the same time assuring you that, if I state anything you may think strange, I do it not under the influence of any passion, either of fear or hate, nor from a morbid desire of being spoken of by that sickly class, the devourers of the Police News and other like trash.

"Habits are soon assumed, but when we strive to strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive." This has passed into a truism. But there are some habits to overcome which, to some natures, is worse than death itself. One of them is

some natures, is worse than death itself. One of them is the habit of indulging excessively in strong drink. is not the place, neither am I the proper person, to argue upon the good or evil of the liquor traffic; much can, and has been, said upon both sides, by those better qualified than I am to argue those points. I do not for a moment suppose you are men who generalise from a few facts. Let me state one or two from my own experience.

I have been in prisons more than thirteen years, extend-ing over a period of eighteen years. During that time I have spoken to many hundreds of prisoners, and only met with one who had been an abstainer previous to his con-viction. I have also spoken to some hundreds of re-con-victed men, and nearly all of them ascribed their recon-victions to crimes committed under the influence of drink. Doubtless prison chaplains and magistrates can say the same. And, far from wishing to bring discredit upon my own relatives, I do not know, nor have I heard of, but one member on either side of our family that was not strongly addicted to drinking. As I said before, every effect is the result of a cause or force. I stand before you now as the resultant of the forces of per-suasion, example, and compulsion. And Maria Fitz-simmons, whom I murdered thirteen years ago, was another of those terrific results.

Gentlemen, my father was a drunkard; my mother was forced to become one—held down by her nearest relatives while they poured rum down her throat, until she promised to be sociable. Queer sociability in a Christian land! And as regards myself, I know that I was raving drunk before I was eight years old, and several times drunk before I was eight years old, and several times before I was ten years of age. On one occasion the very cure for the measles given to me was saffron and as much brandy as I could swallow, the effect of which was to create an undying love for spirits—a constant craving for spirits or liquors—and that craving has been the means of making me commit all kinds of crime to satisfy it. Even at the present moment, although I know its effects and results to myself and others, that craving for drink would

almost make me commit another murder to satisfy it. Gentlemen, one of the effects of drink upon me, I mean when I have been drinking for some time, is an irresistible desire to do injury, either by word or deed, to others, even though they may have given me no provocation whatsoever—in one instance, threatening my mother with a knife; shame being the only cause of not executing the threat.

I have already related how early I was initiated into the accursed habit. It was more fully developed during four years spent among seamen, who, as you all know, seem to think that drink is the "summum bonum" of human life. After this it was my fate to have to spend more than four years in prison. Upon my discharge, and obtaining another ship, I determined not to drink. The vessel left London, and stopped at Grays to take in ballast. The captain, going to London, left orders for the crew to be allowed a quantity of beer while trimming ballast. Upon the mate offering me my share I civilly declined it, receiving a storm of abuse in return, accompanied with an order to leave the ship and go ashore if I did not like to drink. At the same time the mate told me to excuse his forcing me, that I could not do my share of work if I did not drink, and that he was master on board while the captain was in London. Thirty miles from home, without a penny in my pocket! What was I to do? I saw the good; the evil I had to follow. I drank the beer, was praised for being a man, and the result therefrom, as if human blood had been given to a tame tiger, was that drink was all that I lived for. For this only did I work; for it I neglected my duty to myself, my mother, and my employers; for it I became again a thief by using money entrusted to me by my shipmates: for to obtain it I went on board the Lollard; for, by, and through it, I now stand before you at this bar as the murderer of a woman.

It would be only a waste of time, and almost an insult to the patience of the bench, to detail all the other crimes I have been guilty of since February, '69, while under the influence of drink; mostly crimes of violence. I have no doubt they are already known to you; but allow me to state that one of the reasons for giving myself up is to get rid of that craving—a craving which no words are adequate to express, and for which, in my case at least, extinction is the only cure.

These are a few of the reasons which led to the crime I am indicted for. Another and a principal cause was my connection with the police. Lest it should be thought that I speak from passion, I will not enter into details, but merely state the general facts of our relations. Upon my return from China in the year 1865, and after having squandered the remains of my wages, chiefly in drink, I was reduced to a state of the most extreme poverty. I then fell in with some habitual criminals, who, perceiving my necessities and inexperience, and how likely I was to be useful to assist them, by means of drink easily persuaded me to join them, using Romeo's arguments to the anothecary, viz., that "The world was not my friend, nor the world's law."

With them I was concerned in several burglaries, each of which was marked out previously by a man in the employ of —— \* commonly called a "putter up" and a "nark." This man induced me to bring part of the proceeds of one of the burglaries upon me into —— district. When —— apprehended me, by threats of imprisonment, and promises of obtaining employment for me that I might live honestly, he induced me to entice my companions with their tools upon them into his district, where they were apprehended. —— did not fulfil his promises to me, but rather insulted me on several occasions for reminding him of them. He, however, gave me every inducement to draw other criminals into his district in order to profit by their crimes, in which honourable employment I was encouraged by this "nark" or "putterup" of ——. I avoided them, and tried to obtain work.

These are but the brief outlines of my convictions so far. But after my leaving the Lollard in London, and wasting the money I had earned and won as detailed in my first statement, I met — again in Fleet Street, After some remarks as to my state and prospects, he told me things were very dull with him, and asked me if I could not make, or get up, a little business for him again, in the style of Jonathan Wild. Remembering how grossly he had deceived me before, and still resentful, being also under the influence of drink, I thought this a capital chance of bringing him into discredit by humbugging him; and at the same time to indulge in my desire for drink at his expense. Knowing better than any one else the particulars of this murder at Sunderland, I, to use a slang term, "Got it up for him," he promising, according to his old system, that I should be kept out of sight in the affair. It was thus a man came to be apprehended, having come with me believing we were going to injure others. Here were two biters bitten.

I might enumerate a few more of the causes which led to the commission of this crime, but will leave them, and come to some of the reasons why I have given myself up to be condemned here, when I had so many opportunities to deprive myself of life elsewhere if I had chosen. You have heard me describe my unnatural thirst for drink, and the desire to do injury if that thirst was appeared.

have heard me describe my unnatural thirst for drink, and the desire to do injury if that thirst was appeased.

In June, 1878, just after my discharge from Portsmouth Prison. I was taken seriously ill, one of the symptoms being diarrhea and vomiting, and for eleven months I was unable to retain anything upon my stomach in the shape of solid food, not eating on an average I lb. of solids per week. Diarrhea continued all that time. Until after being in Norwich Goal some time awaiting trial, I thought to destroy myself by eating a large quantity of carbolate or chloride of lime. This had no other effect upon me than to stop all the diarrhea, and to produce in me a raving appetite for food, which kept me awake, on an average, six hours a night, and which I see no hope of ever appeasing in a prison. Sooner than suffer this hunger any longer I have preferred to come here, for any day or night these last two years I would have done anything short of murder for a loaf.

Another reason is that about two years ago, wishing to bring before the Government a cheap and abundant substitute for coal, I applied for books to assist me in making out the statement relating to the subject, which books I knew were in the prison. My applications were met with contempt and neglect at first, then direct petty annoyance and oppression; but when I had made a statement of some of the advantages of this fuel to the director, I received promises that I should have whatever books there were in the prison bearing on the subject. I, however, only received two, although I gave the titles of many which were in the library; and not being able to obtain them since, I became disgusted, and said to myself, "Why should I think to fight against Fate any longer, by trying to do good to those who only study how best to injure me?" I have not the slightest doubt that, if I I have not the slightest doubt that, if I could have obtained those books at the time I applied for them, I should now be at liberty and out of this for them, I should now be at liberty and out of this country, or, at least, have had a large portion of my sentence remitted. But "What must be will be." "There is a Providence that shapes our ends." "And God gives to every man the wisdom, understanding, temper, talents, tastes, that lift him into life, and let him fall just in the niche he was designed to fill." The temper and tastes He has given me have caused to be all through my life that which I expressed before, i.e., "an example." His will be done, if my being made an example proves of any utility to those I leave behind me, utility being the best definition or expression of H1s will that I can conceive of.

Another reason is to get rid of for ever of the unnatural, inhuman brutality, the indignities, and the unnecessary

but unsuccessfully, and at last took to burglary on my own account, which I should not have done if —— had kept his promises or if I could have obtained employment. Being at last detected, and sentenced to penal servitude, when my time was expired, to avoid the police, I again went to sea; and thus I was led to Sunderland to meet and murder Maria Fitzsimmons.

<sup>\*</sup> Fury's document contained, of course, the real names of the parties; but they were omitted in the news; aper report for obvious

punishments to which prisoners, as a general rule, are subjected.

When I reflect upon the inhuman treatment experienced by prisoners every day, I can well understand the truth of Sir William Hamilton's dictum that "Medicine is a science founded upon conjecture, and improved by murder." He might have added, if he had had any knowledge of prison life, "cold-blooded and systematic murder." When I look back at what I have endured these last twelve months, and especially during the last five, and consider my own raturally irritable temper, and how I tried to bear calmly my share of the evils allotted to every man in some form or other (waving hope, for I was concerned in procuring them), I stand astonished at my own moderation and forbearance, that I did not add one more crime of violence to the others I had already committed. But "Tis Heaven each passion sends: and different men direct to different ends," whether those passions are passive or active.

#### Stories of Smugglers.



MUGGLING is now a very paltry affair—a few pounds of tobacco or perhaps cigars concealed by a poor sailor somewhere about the ship. But within the recollection

of many persons still living, it may be said to have ranked among the skilled professions. The higher the duty imposed upon foreign articles, the greater of course in every land is the temptation to smuggle.

All along the Border between England and Scotland preventive men were stationed, in the early part of the present century, to overhaul every carrier's cart and every passenger's luggage to see that they contained nothing contraband. Lamberton, Mordington, and Paxton Tolls (lying on the March boundary) were notorious depots for smuggled goods; and many bladders-full of whisky used to be carried by the sturdy fisherwomen under their ample skirts from these tolls into Berwick town. Spittal was specially notorious for its smuggling. "Many an old cruiser," says Frederick Sheldon, writing in 1848, "laid up in comfort by his fireside, owed his wealth to his midnight excursions with contraband goods." The Spittal fishermen were all smugglers, and very expert in landing forbidden cargoes from the Dutch luggers. The houses in the village-as indeed in all the sea coast towns and villages, including Shields and Sunderland-contained secret holes and nooks made to stow away smuggled goods. In some instances, the soil under the kitchen floors had been entirely removed, so as to form places of deposit not likely to be suspected.

Boulmer or Boomer, near Alnmouth, had long a more than local fame as a smuggling centre. Indeed, the staple of its industry, apart from the open honest harvest of the sea, was smuggling. The place was commonly resorted to, as a regular mart, by dare-devil desperadoes from Yetholm, Morebattle, Crailing, Jedburgh, and others towns in Roxburghshire, as well as from all parts of Bamborough, Coquetdale, and Glendale Wards. Anecdotes are innumberable of the frays, often

bloody, between the doughty smugglers and the stalwart gaugers, as the revenue officers of all denominations were commonly styled. Wull Balmer, Jock Melvin and Ruthor Grahamslaw, of Jedburgh, and Wull Faa, of Kirk Yetholm, the gipsy king, did deeds in this vocation which would have earned them Victoria medals in the legitimate service of their country.

Early in the century it was no unusual circumstance for twenty or thirty smugglers on horseback to sally forth in company to Boomer for gin. Each horse carried its casks, and, the spirit being of first-rate quality, the dealers found a ready sale for it all over the Borders. Once when a party of this description from Yetholm and the vicinity were returning with their complement, they were met at Bewick Bridge by a body of armed soldiers, who took possession of the full casks, but had, however the liberality to return the horses to their respective owners. A waggon and long cart were first loaded with the booty, and what remained was removed to a barn or granary, in which it was locked up, with the king's seal for security affixed to the entrance. The impoverished smugglers, in the meantime, waited at a respectful distance till the red coats disappeared; and then, getting intelligence from some compassionate witnesses of what had taken place, they returned all together, broke into the barn, and regained a part of the spoil. An equal division, of course, was afterwards made, when the smugglers found they had recovered about ten ankers of gin out of the quantity they brought that morning from Boomer.

The excise officers were necessitated to hunt in couples, as few of them would have dared to encounter singly a desperate and athletic smuggler. Jedburgh in those days—that is to say, seventy or eighty years ago—boasted of several habitual violaters of the law, notorious for their doughty deeds. Such a one was Blind Will Balmer, who, as a popular song made in his henour ran—

When coming frae Boulmer wi' gin.

A family of the name of Gages, or Geggie, resided once in the neighbourhood of Coldstream or Wark, and were noted as daring and determined smugglers. Allan or Alley Geggie was a powerful man, and, when closely pressed, most fruitful in resources. Many are the feats he is said to have performed. Two excisemen were pursuing him on one occasion. Having followed him to a ford on the river Tweed near Twizel, where a boat was stationed to convey passengers across, they inquired at the small cottage where the boatman resided if a person agreeing with Allan's description had been seen. The answer returned was that such a man had just been kented over the Tweed. The pursuers then requested to be conveyed over the river also. The ferryman, as they supposed him to be, asked them to step on board. Remaining himself on shore, he pushed the boat forcibly into the stream, down

which she flew like an arrow, while the supposed ferryman drew himself up to his full height as he said, "Now, d-n ye, aw'm Alley Geggie!" Nor did the gaugers succeed in gaining the shore till they had been borne downward for several miles.

The late Robert White tells the following story of a noted smuggler who belonged to the neighbourhood of Morpeth :- "Robert Purvis, a son of Thomas Purvis, a weaver, of Angerton, on the Wansbeck, was born about 1794. With his father he learned the trade of a weaver ; but it seems not to have agreed with his active disposition, for he never followed it. He afterwards wrought in the several capacities of a husbandman, a miller, and a smith; and about 1816 became a smuggler. In 1828, he was met on Long Horsley Moor by an exciseman named Williamson of Morpeth, who captured his casks; but he, himself, took leg-bail, and escaped. Being well-known, his personal freedom was now in peril; yet, having saved some money, he purchased a hunting mare for his safety, and concealed himself for a time near the residence of his brother at the Blackcock, a row of cottages a few miles north of Morpeth. Once, while he was on a visit to his father at Angerton, the house was beset by a party of excisemen, who effected an entrance, when Purvis, with only his shirt and drawers on, made his exit at one of the windows. His pursuers gave chase. Purvis entered an adjoining wood, and hid himself in a pond, where he remained with his head above the water till the excisemen withdrew. In March, 1829, when he was present at a fox hunt on Thornton Moor, an exciseman attempted to secure him; but, putting spurs to his mare, he speedily cleared all obstructions, and left his enemy far behind. At last, finding it was unsafe for him to remain in the district, he sold his mare and prepared to emigrate to America. Still he had to make another desperate effort for liberty; for when he and a comrade were at Bedlington on the way to Shields, he was again beset by Williamson and another officer. When hard run, he entered a cottage on the Blythe, the mistress of which gave intimation to the exciseman of her guest. Purvis sprang through a window, driving the casement before him, and made off. In his flight he met with his comrade, exchanged clothes, and lay quiet, while the other ran away in sight of the avengers of the law and was captured. Purvis withdrew in safety, went to Shields, sailed to America, married a native of that country, and took to agriculture, in which he was very successful till the period of his death, which took place about 1840."

Not the least famous of the smugglers who distilled their own spirits was one Donald McDonald, who, as his name imports, was not a native of the district, but a genuine Highlander, redolent of peat reek. Donald had made whisky from "the pure mountain dew" in the wilds of Inverness, and, wandering away south, he resolved to do the same among the Cheviots. So he chose a lonely spot, where he rigged up a rough hut over his working materials, with wooden spars and rushes, setting up a small coarse table in the middle. with a seat or two round it; and another, rougher still-consisting of two boards-beside the doorway. Some dried heath, with the tops upward, served for his bed in a corner. Thus equipped, he soon got prosperously to work. Donald's whisky ere long made a stir in the country round, and many visitors taxed his liberality. One afternoon Donald was visited by a man on horseback. who dismounted and entered the hut with little ceremony. There was something suspicious about his appearance, but he was nevertheless shown to the seat at the table in the middle, and treated with bread, cheese, an earther pot full of water, two glasses, and, above all, some of Donald's prime "stuff." Filling his own glass from the bottle, the host withdrew to the temporary table beside the door; for he was rather slight in build, and no match. in case of a scuffle, for the strong stranger, who was in the prime of life. After a few distant compliments had been exchanged, the following conversation, according to Mr. White, took place between the pair :-

"What is your name?" asked the stranger.
"Tey ca' ma Tonal'," replied the other, drily.
"What more than Donald?" asked the intruder.
"No muckle mair," observed the other: "Tonal' McTonal'.

"Well, Donald," said the stranger, "y muggled whisky; and I am an excise officer. "you distil

smuggled whisky; and I am an excise omcer. I came hear to make you a prisoner!"
"Ough! zat needna pe tune," replied Donald, with seeming indifference; "ye maun pe tak' ta things, she'll warrant; put fat wad ye tu wi' her sell!"
"I must take you, Donald," continued the other; "it becomes me as an officer to do my duty."
"Troth! put tuty pe no owre muckle mindit now-atays," sarcastically observed Donald, grinning and showing an excellent set of teeth in a mouth whose dimensions ranged considerably above the usual standard. "I na pe want considerably above the usual standard. "I na pe want to quarrel wi' yer honour; put I'm no shust willing to pe ta'en. Only as twa can keepit a secret, fan three canna, let us no rife out ane anither's hearts apout ta piziness, and nough ta petter. We'll shust transackit ta canna, let us no rile out and santaers apout to piziness, and nough to petter. We'll shust transackit at matter snodly, and kin ye tak' ilka thing tat pe mine, and gie ma leg-bail for payment—sertainly to gudeness ye get to pest o' to pargain !"

"I cannot, sir, reason the business with you," said the

"I cannot, sir, reason the business with you," said the exciseman, raising his voice as if he intended to overawe the Highlander. "According to my oath, I must detain you a prisoner, and take possession of these materials. If I am opposed, I have only to command help where it may be found."

"Fery sefere! fery hard indeed!" obdurately continued the smuggler: "put Tonal" winns pe triven like a cow or sheep py efer a sheatleman i' Ningland! If help pe cotten, she wound shout the large statem, she wound shout the page statem.

gotten, she maun shust help her nain sell. She has frien's nane sae far awa' as ye may trow; and ken't they o' siccan a feesitor peing here, they wad sune pe at Tonal's side. Tid onypody saw ye come in?" "Not a soul," observed the officer, rising from his seat

s if determined to perform his duty, and waive all further conversation.

"Then tam'd a one sall see ye go out?" thundered Donald, with a rapidity of expression that instantly arrested the progressive movement of the officer. "A man's house pe him's castle, an' if ye gie finger eyther ta swort or pistol, by C—d, she'll tak' ta first shance; sae ye're plood pe on ye're nain head!"

So saying, Donald took a brace of horse pistols from behind the door, and cocked them, laying one on the board beside him, and holding the other in his right hand, while with his left he unsheathed his dirk. The unarmed officer could only collapse into his old seat at the table, leaving the unlicensed whisky-maker master of the situation. Being seated again, the exciseman went on eating and drinking. Donald was only too glad to allow this, and was still happier when, at sunset, his guest rolled off to sleep on the bed in the corner. In the night, Donald stowed all his goods away in a place of safety, using his enemy's borse to help him through the job The exciseman rose after a sound sleep, and, finding his horse gone, went home as best he could. Before the morning was out, however, he brought a stout force to the smuggler's hut. He found his horse this time, weary and bereft of its bridle; but Donald had vanished with all his valuables, and on the detached end of a cask set up in the deserted brewery near the door were written the words, "LABOUR IN VAIN."

### An Alnwick Prize Essapist.

HE author of a famous prize essay on Greece, written in response to the invitation of the Royal Commissioners visiting the Universities of Scotland, which it was then thought much needed reform, was a native of Alnwick—John Brown Patterson. While engaged on their official work in Edinburgh, the Commissioners, presided over by Byron's "travelled thane, Athenian Aberdeen," made up a purse of one hundred guineas, which they offered for the best essay on the National Character of the Athenians. The subject was selected by the noble earl, who, as a member of the Athenian Society and author of an inquiry into the "Principles of Beauty in Grecian Architecture," had a passionate interest in Greece. It was this prize which Patterson won.

John Brown Patterson, born at Alnwick on the 29th January, 1804, was the son of Robert Patterson and of Janet Brown, daughter of the Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, Theological Professor to the Associate Synod, and author of the "Self-Interpreting Bible." In 1810 Mrs. Patterson, then a widow, removed from Croft House, the name of her husband's property, to Edinburgh, but in 1815 settled in Haddington. To its Grammar School young Patterson was accordingly sent. For three years he resided at Haddington. In 1818 he entered the Rector's class in Edinburgh High School. In the course of the first year he rose to the highest distinction, and in the year following he was foremost in every branch taught. In August, 1820, he gained the gold medal-an honour for which the most eminent scholars of Edinburgh competed. The celebrated Professor Pillans, then the Rector of the High School, was about to be transferred to the Chair of Humanity in Edinburgh University. There Patterson followed him. At the University he attained the highest honours in every department of study. In 1822 the Scottish student was brought rather curiously into contact with the celebrated Count Flahault. The soldier and diplomatist -a faithful adherent of the Bonapartes in storm as in sunshine-had married Lady Keith, and was residing in Edinburgh. The Count, anxious to revive his early studies, asked Professor Pillans if he could find any one who would come at stated hours to read Greek and Latin. With an apology for sending one so young, the Professor sent John Brown Patterson. The Count soon discovered that the Professor had made an excellent choice. Charmed with the society and accomplishments of the youthful Scotchman, Flahault took Patterson with him to his country residence, and many happy days were spent in the society of the man who had fought at Austerlitz, at Leipzic, and at Waterloo.

The late Sir Robert Peel was so fascinated with the prize essay that he presented its author with one of the best livings in Scotland. The preacher had in him the fervour of his mother's race. His abundant labours at Falkirk wore out a not too robust constitution, and a chill which he caught induced the malady to which he succumbed. A memoir of this highly gifted man, prefixed to a volume of his sermons, was published many years ago. In 1860 a new edition of the essay, with the author's additions, was published by William Blackwood and Sons. It was in Edinburgh, the scene of his scholastic triumphs, that John Brown Patterson died on the 29th of June, 1835, in his thirty-first year, leaving a widow and one son to mourn his loss. Dr. John Brown, author of "Rab and his Friends," and Dr. Crum Brown, Professor of Chemistry in Edinburgh University, were related to the family to which John Brown Patterson belonged.

## Cresswell Willage.



RAMBLE round about Cresswell, a village on the Northumberland coast not far from Newbiggin, will afford much quiet enjoyment.

The only object of antiquarian interest in the neighbourhood is the Edwardian pele tower, a fine specimen of a fortified dwelling of a former age, which occupies a commanding position overlooking Druridge Bay. This old home of the Cresswells has a tradition relating to a White Lady, whose spirit is said to haunt the place. The fair maiden was a daughter of one of the barons of Cresswell, and had the misfortune to witness the death of her lover, a Danish prince, at the hands of her own brothers. Prostrated with grief at this terrible tragedy, she slowly starved herself to death. The church is a modern structure, and does not call for comment. How the weary traveller will fare at Cresswell will depend upon the hospitality of the inhabitants, for the two inns that were formerly to be found in the

village have been removed. Beyond Creeswell House, the abode of Mrs. Cresswell, there are only a few fishermen's cottages, as may be seen from the accompanying sketch of the place. But in these modest habitations there is the stuff of which heroes and heroines are made, the people being those who do brave deeds without prospect of honour or reward.

#### Bowell-on-Tone.



WRITER on Bywell might very well begin his account of the place with the words of the Roman poet, "Urbs antiqua fuit." The once populous town of Bywell no longer

exists. The churches where the inhabitants worshipped, the cross around which they gathered on market days and festivals, the castle which afforded them protection from the lawless Borderers, the vicarage, and the Matcham Inn, now a dwelling-house, are the only memorials of the town. The scenery here is so beautiful, however, that any melancholy reflections which may arise in the mind of the visitor at the fate of this Northumbrian "sweet Auburn" are soon charmed away. A lovelier spot it would be difficult to find.

The Tyne, as yet bright and unsullied, making a picturesque bend here, sweeps onward down a broad fair reach, which is crossed by a fine stone bridge, erected about fifty-three years ago. Close to the river are the ivy-clad ruins of the unfinished castle of the Nevilles. The churches stand a little to the west, just outside the grounds of Bywell Hall. The banks of the river here

and the slopes to the north are delightfuily wooded, some of the trees being of great girth.

From a very early period Bywell has been famous for its fisheries. Alianor de Genevre, widow of Alexander de Balliol, at the time of her death in 1310-11, was possessed, we are told, of two locks for taking salmon at Bywell and one acre of land abutting upon the dam. And now nearly six hundred years later the same spectacle may be witnessed in this charming retreat—the struggle between the instinct of the fish and the cunning of man, in which not unfrequently the former gains the victory.

Bywell was no doubt an Anglian settlement, but at what precise period it was founded we cannot say. In the 7th or the 8th century we know that a church was built here, probably by St. Wilfrid. Bywell is first mentioned as the scene of an important ecclesiastical ceremony which took place on Sunday, the 11th of June, 803. "At a place called Bigwell," says Simeon, of Durham, "Egbert, the 12th Bishop of Lindisfarne, was consecrated by the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of Hexham and Whithern." The church, like many another in the county, would no doubt have its share in the vicissitudes of the next two centuries, for it was found necessary to rebuild it shortly before the Conquest.

No record has come down to us of the lords of Bywell in Saxon times. Whoever they were, they were ousted in favour of one of the followers of William the Conqueror, Guy de Balliol, who received the barrony from William Rufus. His family possessed it for many generations. The lord of Bywell, in the reign of Henry III.—John de Balliol—was a baron of renown, who, as the founder of Balliol College, Oxford,



will be remembered when his deeds of prowess are forgotten. The barony of Bywell came into the possession of his youngest son, also called John de Balliol, who, in 1292, received the Crown of Scotland from Edward I. When in 1296 he was compelled to resign it, his estates were given to John Dreux, Earl of Brittany and Richmond. Bywell was granted in 1337, by Edward III., to the famous Ralph de Neville, Lord of Raby and Brancepeth, whose name was afterwards associated with the battle of Neville's Cross. It passed out of the hands of the Neville family in the reign of Elizabeth, being forfeited by Charles, Earl of Westmoreland, for the part he took in the disastrous rising of the North in 1569.

A survey taken at this time comtains some interesting particulars of the place. It appears that the barony was 22 miles in compass, and had belonging to it a forest of red deer, and a salmon fishery extending three miles in length. "In the wastes also are divers woods and very fair coursing with greyhounds." "The Town of Bywell," so we read, "is builded in length all in one street upon the river or water of Tyne, on the north and west part of the same, and is divided into two several parishes, and inhabited with handicraftsmen, whose trade is all in ironwork for the horsemen and borderers of that country, as making of bits, stirrups, buckles, and such others wherein they are very expert and cunning. They are subject to the incursions of the thieves of Tindale, and compelled, winter and summer, to bring all their cattle and sheep into the street in the night season, and watch both the ends of the street, and when the enemy approach to raise hue and cry, whereupon all the town prepareth for rescue of their goods, which is very populous by reason of their trade, and stout and hardy by continual practice against the enemy."

On the 28th of February, 1644, a portion of the Scots army, which had failed in its first attempt to take New-

castle, crossed the Tyne here by the ford not without some inconvenience, for the water at the time was very deep.

About the year 1673, when the terrible superstition which resulted in the death of so many poor women was at its height, Bywell and district seem-to have been quite a seminary for witches and wizards. At Birches Nook, half-a-mile from Stocksfield Station, on the road to Mickley, there lived a person of the name of Ann Armstrong, who played the part of witch-finder, and drew suspicion on numbers of women in the neighbourhood. She must have possessed a very strange imagination, for some of the details in her story are exceedingly curious and almost unique of their kind. She tells how the witches gained an influence over her, and how they used to turn her into a horse by putting on her an enchanted bridle, and how they rode her cross-legged to their meetings, which were usually held at Riding Mill bridge-end. There the devil would come as a "long black man riding on a bay galloway." When the bridle was removed, the girl resumed her natural shape and was made to sing while the witches danced in the shape of a hare, a cat, a mouse, or a bee. Part of the ceremony was to recite the Lord's Prayer backward. Riding House was also a festive resort of the witches. There they used to ride about on egg-shells and wooden dishes that had never been wet. Their feasts were very merry "functions." The devil, whom they called their protector, occupied a chair "like unto bright gold." They had all sorts of meats and drink, which they named "siltt," on the table, obtained by pulling a rope. On one occasion, when wizards were also present, they each had to swing three times on a rope which went across the balks, and what each one wished was sent down. One witch obtained a capon, the plum-broth it was boiled in, and a bottle of wine; another a cheese, a "beakment" of wheat flour, and "half-a-quarter of butter to knead the said



flower withall, they haveing noe power to gett water"; a third, a pound of currants to put in the flour for bread, a quarter of mutton, and a bottle of sack; a fourth a "flackett of ale," containing about three quarts, a "kening of wheat flour" for pies, and a piece of beef. After the feast, the devil heard their confessions, which related to the mischief they had done since their last meeting—strange confessions are some of those given—and we are told he "made most of them that did most harme and beate those who had donne no harme." The result of the trials is not known. It is to be hoped that the testimony of Ann Armstrong was more discredited than that of Matthew Hopkins.

A curious picture is presented of the inhabitants of Bywell a century later in Roger North's life of his brother, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. When on the Northern Circuit, in 1676, his road lay through the barony of Bywell. According to a law then in force, the tenants of each manor in the barony were compelled to guard the judges through their precincts, and, says Roger North, "out of it they would not gono-not an inch, to save the souls of them. They were a comical sort of people, riding upon negs, as they called their small horses, with long beards, cloaks, and long broad swords, with basket hilts, hanging in broad belts, that their legs and swords almost touched the ground, and every one in his turn with his short cloak and other equipage came up cheek by jowl and talked with my lord judge. His lordship was very pleased with their discourse, for they were great antiquaries in their own bounds."

From the church registers under date December 22, 1735, we get a faint side-light thrown on the social life of Bywell at that time. The entry is:—"For scourging a woman, 1s. 4d."

In the year 1760, as one Robinson, a mason, was fishing in the river here after a fall of rain, he found a Roman drinking-cup of silver, with the following inscription round the brim:—"Desideri vivas"—Long life to you, Desiderius! Robinson sold it for 15s. to a goldsmith in Newcastle. It was probably washed out of the banks about Cerbridge, and carried down the river.

The village suffered greatly from the memorable flood of Sunday, November 17th, 1771. On the ground floor of Bywell Hall the water was eight feet deep. The gardens were destroyed, and the walls thrown down. Most of the valuable stud of horses were got into the Black Church, and escaped drowning by holding on to the tops of the pews. A mare belonging to Mr. Elliot, father-in-law of Thomas Bewick, who was on a visit to Bywell at the time, saved itself in the same church by getting upon the altar table. About ten houses were swept away, and six persons perished. Many of the inhabitants had to be taken out of the houses through the roofs. Part of the churchyard of the White Church was washed away, and dead bodies and coffins were torn out of the graves.

The Bywell Bridge was commenced in 1836, and was

completed in 1838. At the time there were standing, a little below the dam, two stone piers of an ancient bridge, which led to the chapel of St. Helen's, on the south side of the river opposite to the castle. These piers were blown up; but, by some accident, the train was fired too early, and two men were hurled into the air, one of whom was killed.

In 1852, many old cottages, with the old St. Andrew's Vicarage, and the St. Peter's rectorial tithe buildings, let in tenements, were pulled down. The old dam was destroyed in 1861, to allow the salmon a free course up the river, and the old corn mill was removed at the same time, so that Bywell lost two picturesque features, of no little interest.

Of the three relics of the past, the two churches are, perhaps, the most interesting, carrying back the mind, as they do, to pre-Conquest times. The curious circumstance of the two churches being so near each other has given rise to a legend of two sisters quarrelling, and each building a church of her own. This legend is found in other places, where there are also two churches side by side, and is without any foundation. The churches show how populous Bywell was in the early days of its history. They are called the Black and White Churches, because St. Andrew's at one time belonged to the Præmonstratensian or White Canons of Blanchland, and St. Peter's to the Benedictine or Black Canons of Durham.

St. Andrew's Church (the church on the right of our sketch, which is copied from an excellent photograph by Mr. J. P. Gibson, of Hexham) was rebuilt, it is supposed, about 1030 to 1060. The materials of the earlier building have been utilised in the construction of the new one, for on the inside of the western window on the second storey of the tower is a portion of the shaft of an early Saxon cross. No less than twenty-eight English grave covers, some of great beauty, have been built into the outer wall of this church. The chancel is remarkable in being two feet longer than the nave. On one side of the chancel arch is a hagioscope or squint. In the porch is a holy water stoup, which has escaped the Puritan destroyers.

St. Peter's Church stands 150 yards from St. Andrew's, and is a more interesting edifice. The oldest part of it is the north wall, of late Saxon architecture, and may possibly date from about 1030 or 1060. The tower of St. Peter's belongs to the 13th century, though it stands on foundations of an earlier date. It was evidently a place of refuge to the inhabitants of Bywell during the inroads of the mosstroopers, and the holes in the doorway for the reception of huge bars of iron still remain. There are two chantry chapels. That on the south side, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and built about 1287, contains a large stone altar slab with the five dedication crosses upon it; that on the north, founded about 1360, contains a monumental slab on which is inscribed the figure of a knight in armour, probably the founder of the chantry. On the south side of the chancel (circa

1195) may be seen good examples of sedilia and piscina. The church contains a square-headed, low side window—one of those mysterious openings the object of which is still a problem for antiquaries. In the tower are two very interesting old bells, one of the 13th century, inscribed, "Tu es Petrus," with the letters of the alphabet; the other, of later date, inscribed, "Utsurgantgentesvocorhornetcitojacêtes" (I am called horn, and I summon the sleeping people to arise.) The gateway leading into the churchyard was designed by Vanbrugh.

The market cross originally stood between the two churches, and was removed to its present position, in a field adjoining St. Peter's, a few years ago.

It is not known exactly when the building of Bywell Castle was begun. The earliest mention of it is in a fifteenth century chronicle, which states that after the flight of Henry VI. from the battle of Hexham in 1464, his helmet, crown, sword, and horse armour were found in Bywell Castle. "How or in what manner he escaped," says the writer, "God knows, in whose hands are the hearts of kings." The present picturesque ruins are those of the Great Gatehouse—a large machicolated tower of three stages, surmounted by four turrets, one at each corner. This Gatehouse was the only part of the castle built. For some reason or other this "Border hold" was never completed.

There is a mound near Stocksfield Railway Station, on the north side of the river, called the Round Hill, which the Rev. Anthony Johnson surmises was the Mote Hill of the barcny, where the open-air motes were held. The Gallows Hill, where felons were hanged, is a little to the north of Bywell, near the farmstead of Peepy.

Bywell Hall was rebuilt about the year 1760, from the designs of Paine, by William Fenwick, who was High Sheriff of Northumberland in 1752.

Vanished are the barons and their bold retainers, the deft handicraftsman and the hardy peasants; but the beauty of Nature is still unimpaired, and in this nook of the Bewick country, which recalls so many of the famous wood-cuts, we may find some of that meditative, peaceful delight so difficult to gain in the bustle of modern life.

WM. W. TOMLINSON.

### Barge Day on the Tyne.



N what year the Tyne had its first Barge Day, none of our local historians disclose to us. The record, writ in water, Time has long ago effaced. But in the days of the second

of our Stuart Sovereigns we obtain distinct traces of the survey of the river by Mr. Mayor and his Brethren. Ere the reign of King Charles was ten years old, John Pithy, Corporate Chamberlain, was disbursing the sum of £1 12s. 6d. "for wherry hire and charges of Mr. Major, Aldermen, and others, to Hedwyne Stremes, to view and sett the towne's bounders." "For roweing and stearing the barge, and for ten whirries that accompanied the Buishopp of Duresme downe to Sheles," there was subsequently an expenditure of £1 19s. Afterwards comes, in 1635, a more formidable item:—"For the charges of a dinner for the Buishopp, Maior, Aldermen, and their attendants, at Sheles, £15 1s. 4d." There was also an Assize trip on the river about the same time:—"Paid the wherrymen for attending with the barge and wherries, to carry the Judges down to Sheles, 10s." (Richardson's Imprints and Reprints.)

Judges and Bishops were entertained by the Corporation, and so also was the King. Charles had left London for a visit to Scotland, attended by Lords Spiritual and Temporal, one of whom was Laud, Bishop of London, soon to be Archbishop of Canterbury. Of vast dimensions was the royal train, and magnificent the hospitality of Newcastle. Lionel Maddison was Mayor, and on June 4, 1633, he banqueted his visitors royally, the King knighting his host during the evening. Next day, the Trinity House gave the guests an excursion to Tynemouth Castle, when Royalty was the centre of a stately flotilla en the tide, and was marked with eager interest from the shore. Meagre is the notice bestowed by our local annals on the progress to and fro. Incidentally, however, we are admitted to same particulars of one of the episodes of the day.

There had been a riot of the apprentices on the Shrove Tuesday preceding. At the West Ballast Hills, where the young gentlemen took their "walks after service," and the housewives of Newcastle had a drying ground through the week, "a new limekiln and ballast heap had been made without the gate of the town called Sand Gate." The obnoxious kiln was tumultuously thrown down, not without countenance from the lookerson; and "one of those who animated the boys" was Edward Bulmer, of the Trinity House, getting himself into troubled water by his partnership. Great was the bulk to which this affair of the 'prentice rioters grew. Privy Council took it up; Council of the North was brought into it; the business became a matter of national interest and importance; and the curious reader may see much more about it in the State Papers than concerns our present paper on the Barges. Enough for us if we quote some portion of Bulmer's petition of 1634 to the King, by which the breakers into which he had cast himself were made more perilous than ever to the unfortunate pilot. Describing himself as "steersman of his Majesty's barge to carry his Majesty and divers of the nobility down the Tyne," we further learn from him that he availed himself of his nearness to the Kingeto show him a certificate from the Trinity House of the great abuses concerning the river, "for which relation, and no other cause that he can imagine, the Mayor and Aldermen, having property in the staiths and quays where the abuse arises, have, in his opinion, taken so great malice against him."

So much for Edward Bulmer and the King's Barge. After an eventful period of forty years, in which Civil War and Commonwealth ran their course, comes the memorable Assize Barge Day of the time of the second Charles. With the month of August, 1676, arrived in Newcastle Sir Francis North, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, afterwards the Lord Keeper Guilford; and with him as his colleague was Baron Vertie of the Exchequer. Happily for history, Sir Francis had his Boswell. His brother Roger accompanied him, and was his biographer. The Mayor was Sir Francis Anderson, and planned a pleasant recreation, the story of which is well and lovingly told by Roger North. Whether Baron Vertie was of the party on the river does not appear. "His lordship's entertainment at Newcastle was," as we are informed, "very agreeable, because it went most upon the trades of the place, as coalmines, salt-works, and the like, with the wonders that belonged to them; and the Magistrates were solicitous to give him all the diversion they could; and one was the going down to Tinmouth Castle in the town-barge. The equipment of the vessel was very stately; for, a-head, there sat a four or five drone bagpipe, the North-Country organ, and a trumpeter a-stern; and so we rowed merrily along. The making salt I thought the best sight we had there. The other entertainment was a supper in the open air upon an island in the Tyne, somewhat above the town; and all by the way of ligg and sit upon the ground; but provisions for a camp, and wines of all sorts, very fine. In short, all circumstances taken together, the cool of the evening, the verdant flat of the island, with wood dispersed upon it, and water curling about, a view of the hills on both sides of the river, the good appetites, best provisions, and a world of merry stories of the Scots (which, by the way, makes a great part of the wit in these parts), made the place very agreeable, where every one walked after his fancy, and all were pleased."

So runs the world away! Only a single generation had gone since the Siege of Newcastle, with all its pains and penalties, its woes and horrors; and now the burgesses and their visitors were lolling, pic-nic, on the King's Meadows, with rounds of droll jokes about the besiegers, provoking peals of laughter. The readiest tongues were telling "merry stories" of the Civil War, and setting the island in a roar!

Roger North, who sketches so well the idyllic picture of the August day, has also to relate how "some of the Aldermen" told "strange histories of their coal-works; and one was by Sir William Blackett, who cut into a hill in order to drain the water, and conquered all difficulties of stone and the like, till he came to clay, and that was too hard for him; for no means of timber or walls would resist, but all was crowded together; and this was by the weight of the hill bearing upon a clay that yielded."

"Another thing," adds the judge's biographer, "that is remarkable, is their way-leaves. For when men have

pieces of ground between the colliery and the river, they sell leave to lead coals over their ground; and so dear that the owner of a rood of ground will expect £20 per annum for this leave."

We now approach the record, so often quoted, of the old waggonways of the North of England, out of which has been evolved, in the process of the suns, the vast network of iron roads that covers the globe. "The manner of the carriage," says the observant Roger, "is by laying rails of timber from the colliery down to the river, exactly straight and parallel; and bulky carts are made with four rowlets fitting these rails, whereby the carriage is so easy that one horse will draw down four or five chaldron of coals, and is an immense benefit to the coal-merchants."

Here, before the Revolution of 1688, is the principle of the modern railway in practical action and biding its time, awaiting that succession of details that were one day to bring the "express train" into competition with the colliery tram. How long these waggonways of the Tyne had been in existence, is not precisely to be ascertained; but their introduction probably occurred in the earlier years of the seventeenth century, and we may pretty safely ascribe the gift to the enterprising stranger commemorated by the "Chorographia" in 1649. "Master Beaumont, a gentleman of great ingenuity and rare parts. adventured into our mines," says Gray, "with his thirty thousand pounds, who brought with him many rare engines, not known then in those parts; as the art to boore with iron rodds to try the deepnesse and thicknesse of the coals, rare engines to draw water out of the pits, waggons with one horse to carry coales from the pits, to the stathes, to the river, &c." More enterprising than prosperous, his lot was like that of many an adventurer in the field :- "Within few years he consumed all his money, and rode home on his light horse."

The Assize Barge Days flowed pleasantly forward on the stream of time till they ran aground-some halfcentury after the supper and "merry stories" on that "little island" of the Tyne, affectionately described by Bourne as "a delicious place, and a great ornament to the river." This was in the days of the second Charles. With the reign of the second George came a less harmonious sail from Shields than that of 1676. "In 1729 [1730?], the town," says Gyll's interleaved Bourne (quoted by Brand), "had a trial with Sir Henry Liddel about paying of tolls, wherein a verdict was given in favour of Sir Henry. It was then customary for the Judges to go in the town's barge, attended by the Mayor and others of the Corporation, to Tinmouth; and in their return, Mr. Justice Page, who tried the cause, had some hot words with Mr. Reay relating to the trial; and thereupon the Judge threatened to commit the Mayor; and the Mayor told the Judge he would commit him, being then upon the water, and in his jurisdiction. This squabble was the occasion of discontinuing the custom of going to Tinmouth."

It was, however, too agreeable an outing to be left for ever in abeyance. Before very long it was resumed, the free air of the open barge offering a grateful contrast to the close atmosphere of the crowded court.

In the autumn of 1772, when the ancient viaduct of the Tyne had been overthrown by an inundation, the local authorities used the barge as a bridge, the Sheriff receiving the Judges at the South Shore in Gateshead, and ferrying them over to the Quayside in Newcastle opposite the Exchange. The south front had then an entrance door. There, awaiting their lordships, stood the Mayor (Sir Walter Blackett) and Magistrates, who accompanied them into court.

Some forty years afterwards, in the latter years of the long reign of George III., occurred the mishap to one of his Majesty's Judges that gave rise to Shield's ever-to-be remembered song of "My Lord 'Size," printed in the Monthly Chronicle, 1887, p. 37.

The Barge Day of 1814 brought a greater wonder than any marvel of Eastern story. Not even the magic horse, that rose in the air like a balloon, could outvie the steamboat that took part in the procession of Ascension Day, sailing against wind and tide, and surpassing in speed the swiftest craft on the river. It was the first passenger steamer that had been launched in England—the Tyne following in the wake of the Hudson and the Clyde.

From year to year came the welcome Barge Day on the Tyne;

For pleasure had not ceased to wait On those expected annual rounds;

and in the year 1832, in the course of the sixth mayoralty of Archibald Reed, the time-honoured custom was observed with unwonted enthusiasm. Mr. Reed had been elected to the office of Sheriff in 1794, and entered upon his first mayoralty in 1800, so that his year of office ran its round in two centuries. His fifth election as Chief Magistrate occurred in 1830; and he was chosen a sixth time in 1831. Great were the rejoicings on Ascension Day (May 31), 1832. The procession left the Mansion House for Shields at half-past seven o'clock in the morning. At mid-day, when it returned, the air was vocal with the roar of cannon, the clangour of bells, and the lustiness of loud huzzas. "At that time, the sight was very pleasing, from the number of light and elegantlypainted boats, with suitable flags, which preceded the barges to the Mansion House. The Stewards of the Incorporated Companies, in compliment to the Chief Magistrate, had the Swan steamboat tastefully decorated for the occasion " (for steam vessels were now established institutions in the world). "After partaking of refreshment at the Mansion House, the company departed for Hedwin Streams, whither the fineness of the day attracted a numerous company to enjoy the sports in the afternoon. There were races on the King's Meadows, in one of which a horse named Peacock missed his step and fell down, and a mare named Lady Mary, which was following close, fell over him, and broke one of her legs." (Sykes.)

The Reform Bill was now within a few days of becoming an Act, and the Corporation Commissioners were holding their Courts in 1833; but the Barge Day had its observance nevertheless. There was even "An Elegant New Barge" launched on the 6th of May, 1834, for the use of the Mayor and Corporation, from the building yard of Messrs. Oliver and Son. South Shields.

The Municipal Corporations Act received the Royal Assent in 1835, accomplishing a great change—a revolution; yet there is still the Barge Day; nor has the Tyne Conservancy Act of 1850 banished the ancient usage.

JAMES CLEPHAN (THE LATE).

The last annual survey by the Corporation of Newcastle took place in 1851, in the mayoralty of Mr. Alderman Armstrong, father of Lord Armstrong. It has since been made every five years by the Corporation, every seven by the Tyne Improvement Commissioners. On the 15th of July, 1878, the anniversary of the passing of the Conservancy Act (the beneficent statute that binds the communities of the Tyne into one), the Commissioners had their survey; and it was renewed in 1885. The Corporation Barge Day came in 1881 in the mayoralty of Mr. Alderman Angus; and on the 26th of May the survey of the water-boundary of the borough was made with the wonted proclamation. It was celebrated again in 1886, Mr. Browne (now Sir B. C. Browne) being Mayor. And now it has been celebrated once more, this time in the Mayoralty of Mr. Joseph Baxter Ellis.

## The Giant Cor.



URING the Roman occupation of Britain, Corstopitum, now Corchester, about half a mile west of Corbridge-on-Tyne (see page 214), was one of the most important places

in the province of Valentia, standing as it did in close vicinity to the great imperial highway leading northwards, afterwards known as the Watling Street. Its position, on a tongue of land at the confluence of the Cor Burn with the Tyne, must have made it a place of considerable strength; and that its inhabitants were in the enjoyment of a good share of the comforts and luxuries of life is proved by the fact that the neighbourhood abounds with the broken relics of a high civilization. The station in all likelihood suffered the same fate as the others on or near the Wall of Adrian at the hands of the marauding Scots and Picts.

That Corbridge was once a large and populous place, distinct from Corstopitum, is matter of historical cer-

tainty. It was privileged to send members to Parliament down till a comparatively modern date, and only ceased to do so on the petition of the inhabitants, who, diminished in number and straitened in means during the troublous Border raid times were unwilling any longer to bear the cost. It might otherwise have subsisted by prescription as a rotten borough, like Old Sarum, Gatton, and other decayed places, till disfranchised by the Reform Bill of 1832. But, leaving this as irrelevant to our purpose, we turn to the long disused necropolis of Corstopitum, to speak of some of the relics which have been unearthed from that City of the Dead within the last two centuries.

Mr. Robert Forster, author of a "History of Corbridge," tells us that quantities of human bones have been discovered from time to time on the west side of the Cor Burn, where the cliff has been undermined by the stream during sudden floods, and he adds that a man named Adam Harle, whom he seems to have known, found, when a youth, in a field a little to the westward of the Roman Station, a human skull of immense size; but he makes no mention of the most marvellous disclosure of all, the alleged discovery of the mortal remains of the Giant Cor. It would have been singular indeed if the ancient kingdom of Northumbria had been without its giant, seeing that there is scarcely a region on the face of the earth that has not been able to boast of one or more. A belief in the real existence of such abnormal beings has always prevailed in all parts of the world as an indisputable dogma of the popular creed.

The etymon or genuine sense of Cor is the Celtic Curaidh, pronounced koorey, signifying a hero, a champion, a great warrior. In or about the year 1660 it was, when the banks of the Cor Burn had been worn away near the old Roman station by an impetuous land-flood. that a skeleton was brought to light, supposed to be that of a man of prodigious size. The length of the thighbone was nearly six feet, and the skull, teeth, and other parts were proportionally monstrous, so that the length of the whole body was computed at twenty-one feet. The wiseacres of the day were clearly of opinion that the remains were those of a giant, who had possibly flourished before the Flood, or had perhaps been contemporary with the Emim, the Zamzummim, the Zuzim, the Anakim, and other giants who flourished about the time of the Hebrew Exodus. Some portions of the skeleton of this supposititious Tyneside giant were in the possession of the Earl of Derwentwater at Dilston in 1695; but what became of them after the ruin of the Radcliffes will probably never be known.

A singularly large bone, discovered near the same spot, and possibly belonging to Cor when alive, was for many years to be seen hung up in the kitchen of the old George Inn, Flesh Market, Newcastle. This bone was purchased by an enterprising speculator of the Barnum species, who was proprietor of the Keswick Museum, and by him it was gravely exhibited as the Giant Cor's rib.

# The Aorthumberland House: hold Book.



S illustrative of the rude manners and gross customs of a barbarous age, some extracts from the household book of Henry Algernon Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland, must

have more than passing interest. The book was begun in 1512, in the reign of Henry VII. It must be borne in mind that the prices of many commodities were regulated by law, and could not be increased or decreased without express sanction. As Hume points out in his history of that period, this restrictive policy had the tendency to restrain industry, and hence prices which seem to us absurd and ridiculous were in effect the results of the limitations put upon them by the king. For the greater part of what follows the writer is indebted to Hume's notes.

The household book gives a true picture of ancient manners, and is one of the most singular monuments that English antiquity affords us. The family of the earl consisted of 166 persons, and on an average 57 strangers might be reckoned upon as the number who would join the family at the daily meals; on the whole, 223. Twopence halfpenny was supposed to be the daily expense for each for meat, drink, and firing. This would, assuming that provisions were three or four times cheaper than in our time, be equal to fourteen pence; no extravagant sum for a nobleman's housekeeping, considering that the chief expense of a family at that period consisted in meat and drink. The sum allotted by the earl for his whole annual expense was £1,118 17s. 8d., of which amount meat, drink, and firing absorb £796 11s. 2d. So rigidly was the expense of the earl's family managed, that it was ordered and determined how many pieces should be cut out of every quarter of beef, mutton, pork, and veal, and each entered and accounted for by the different clerks appointed for that purpose. If a servant was absent a day, his mess was struck off; if he was about the earl's business, board wages were allowed him - eightpence per day in winter, and fivepence in summer; if any stay had to be made in any place, twopence per day was his allowance and the maintenance of his horse. About a quarter of wheat was allowed for each month throughout the year, and the price was estimated at five shillings and eightpence a quarter. For brewing purposes two hundred and fifty quarters of malt were used per year at four shillings the quarter; every quarter of malt had to make two hogsheads, which permitted an average of a bottle and a third to each person, and it is naively admitted that the "beer will

not be very strong." One hundred and nine fat beeves are to be bought at All-Hallowtide, at thirteen shillings and fourpence a-piece; and twenty-four lean beeves to be bought at St. Helen's at eight shillings a-piece. . The latter are to be put into the pastures to be fed, and are to serve from Midsummer to Michaelmas. This leaves us to infer that summer was the only part of the year that the family ate fresh meat; the rest of the year they lived on salted food. One hundred and sixty gallons of mustard is the allowance for a year, and an order is issued for the right making of this condiment. "Six hundred and forty-seven sheep were allowed at twenty pence a-piece; these were eaten salted, except between Lammas and Michaelmas. Only twenty-five hogs were allowed at two shillings a-piece; twenty-eight veals at twenty pence; forty lambs at tenpence or a shilling." These dainties were, it appears, reserved for the earl's table and that of the upper servants, called the knight's table.

The drinking part of the business received a tolerably fair amount of attention. In addition to the beer mentioned previously, we learn that ten tuns and two hogsheads of Gascony wine, at the rate of £4 13s. 4d. a tun, formed no inconsiderable part of the daily fare. It is interesting to find that my lord and lady were by no means behind in appreciating the rude fare. Breakfast was served for them at seven o'clock in the morning, consisting of "a quart of beer, as much white ones, or a dish of sprats. On flesh days, it was varied by a half a chyne of mutton, or a chyne of beef boiled."

The "linen closet," as a household institution, does not find any place in the earl's family arrangements. According to Hume's account, only seventy ells of linen at eightpence an ell were allowd for the use of this great household of over two hundred persons: no sheets were used; the linen was made into eight tablecloths for my lord's table, and one tablecloth for the knight's table. Forty shillings a year was the amount charged for the washing, and this was principally spent on the linen belonging to the chapel. Early rising was evidently a virtue. Mass was ordered to be said at six o'clock in the morning; dinner was served at ten, supper at four, and at nine the gates were shut, no further ingress or egress being permitted. Only twenty-four fires were lit in the house, and the coals were portioned out to each, a peck of coals being the allowance. After Lady Day no fires were permitted in the rooms, "except half-fires in my lord's and lady's and Lord Percy's and the nursery." As the earl spent much of his time in Yorkshire, it is evident that on some days it would be very cold in the house, seeing that we often have very cold weather after Lady Day. Eighty chalders of coal, at four and twopence a chalder, suffices throughout the whole year; and, as the household book quaintly remarks "coals will not burn without wood," sixty-four loads of wood are permitted at twelvepence a load.

Another entry in the book devises that "henceforth no capons are to be bought, but only for my lord's mess, and that the said capons shall be bought for twopence a-piece, lean, and fed in the poultry, and master Chamberlain and the stewards be fed with capons, if there be strangers sitting with them." Another quaint item says:—"It is thought good that no plovers be bought at no season, but only in Christmas and principal feasts, and my lord to be served therewith, and his board-end, and none other, and to be bought for a penny a-piece, or a penny halfpenny at most."

The extraordinary care which was taken to regulate the outgoings and incomings of the earl's household was really marvellous. From the highest to the lowest every want was studied and taken into account. The most minute particulars are preserved of every day's doings in the matter of meat, drink, and firing. Item after item occurs laying down in the strictest and severest manner what is to be done in regard to certain occurrences. The earl presided over his feast in right royal fashion, and introduced into his orders the high-sounding preamble, "It seemeth good to us and our council." One remarkable circumstance is that, in ministering to the temporal wants of his huge household, the earl provides but two cooks, while, for their spiritual needs, he keeps and feeds eleven priests, besides seventeen chanters, musicians, &c. The meals, as may be expected, were served in a half-cooked, badly-dressed fashion, while the appurtenances of the tables were in a more slovenly, disordered condition than the mess-room of a modern ship's company. All this led to frightful disorders amongst the menials, which certainly gives one a bad opinion of the barbaric magnificence with which they were surrounded.

The arrangements with regard to the stables were no less complete. The earl kept twenty-seven horses at his own charge; the upper servants had allowance for the maintenance of their own horses. These animals were six gentle horses, at hay and hard meat throughout the whole year; four palfreys; three hobbies and nags; three sumpter-horses; six horses for those servants to whom my lord furnished a horse; two sumpter horses more, and three mill-horses, two for carrying corn, and one for grinding it. From this latter item it may be inferred that water or windmills were then unknown, or, at any rate not in use in the earl's domain. Loaves made of beans and a peck of oats were the daily food of the principal horses; the oats being charged at twenty pence, the beans at two shillings a quarter.

When the earl set forth on his journey, he took with him thirty-six horsemen, together with bed and other accommodation. The year was passed at three country seats in Yorkshire; but as there were furniture and garnishment for only one, it necessitated everything being carried along with him—beds, tables, chairs, kitchen utensils, which must have been strongly made to bear the rough usage of those days, when roads were but a name, and the lumbering waggon was the only means of transit. It is a far cry from the days of the seventh Henry, when feudalism and vassalage were paramount, to our own time; yet the picture drawn in this household book with such careful methodic calculation tells us more of the real history of the period than State papers or court intrigues and amours.

Scardeburgh.

# The Dobe Family.



OUR members of the dove family are known to frequent the Northern Counties—the ring dove, the rock dove, the stock dove, and the turtle dove. The first is the most

common, and, we may add, the most persecuted.

The ring dove (Columba palumbus), which is perhaps better known as the wood pigeon or cushat, is the largest of the wild pigeons of Europe. A few years ago it was



denounced as over plentiful, and persecuted accordingly as destructive to the farmers' crops. Now, and for the past few years, it has been comparatively scarce all over the country. The bird is a resident in the two Northern Counties. In January, 1873, Mr. John Hancock says an extraordinary number of wood pigeons was observed at Marsden, moving in a south-easterly direction, following the coast line. They were two days in passing, and many of them were killed by the farmers in the neighbourhood.

The ring dove is a wary bird, though in the breeding season, if not molested, it will sometimes nest in trees and bushes close to dwellings. Young birds taken early from the nest have occasionally been partially domesticated, but when a chance presents itself they sooner or later return to a wild life. Instances are rare in which they have bred in captivity.

The adult bird is handsomely plumaged. The male weighs about twenty ounces, and the wings extend to nearly two feet five inches. The plumage is of a deep blue on the head, nape, and throat; the upper part of the back and upper wing covers are dark greyish blue, and the lower belly white. The lower part of the throat is decorated on each side with a glossy white spot, and gleams with metallic lustre. These peculiar markings have given the bird one of its commonest names-the ring dove. The quills are slate grey, and the tail and the tail feathers are slate black, marked with an irregular line of lighter shade. The bill is pale reddish orange yellow, red at the base, powdered over with a white dust; the cere almost white; the iris pale yellow; and the eyelids are yellowish red, the bare part above them blue. The female is recognised from her mate by her smaller size, and the fact that the colouration of her plumage is not so bright as that of the male.

The rock dove (Columba livia) is now generally believed to be the original stock of most of our varieties of domestic pigeons. Indeed, it can scarcely be distinguished at a distance from the common "blue rock." It occurs all round the rugged shores of Great Britain, is a resident in Northumberland and Durham, and breeds in the rocky cliffs of the sea coasts.

The late Mr. P. J. Selby points out that, although many ornithologists have supposed the stock dove and rock dove were identical species, the distinctions in regard to plumage and habits are considerable. One bird is a denizen of the woods, where it breeds and roosts, whilst the other inhabits caves and holes in rocks, and is



never found in woods or perching and nesting on trees. The food of the rock dove consists chiefly of grain and seeds of wild plants and weeds, together with different kinds of snails.

The adult male rock dove has the prevailing colour

bluish-grey, shading into pale grey on upper back; lower part of back and rump, white; tail coverts, ashy-grey: tail nearly black at tip; wings, conspicuously marked with two broad, black transverse bars; feathers of chest and sides of neck, glossed with shades of green and purple; bill, brownish-black; legs and feet, deep red; irides, pale orange; length about 12 inches. The female is slightly less in size, and not so conspicuously coloured on the neck.

The stock dove (Columba anas) has of late become quite common in Northumberland and Durham. It



frequents woods and coppies, and nests in holes of decayed trees, on the ground in disused rabbit burrows, but is rarely, if ever, found nesting amid the branches of trees, like its larger relative, the wood pigeon.

Speaking of the occurrence of stock dove in the county of Durham of late years, Mr. Hancock remarks :- "It is only recently that the stock dove has made its appearance in this district. A single example was shot in Castle Eden Dene, on the 26th of October, 1869, by Mr. John Sclater, butler to Rowland Burdon, Esq., and is now in the possession of the former, where I saw it shortly after it had been obtained. In 1871, I was informed by Mr. Sclater that the gamekeeper had taken, in a rabbit trap, another specimen, likewise in Castle Eden Dene, and that he (Mr. Sclater) had found its nest the day after. It was built at the root of a yew tree that had been blown down over the edge of a cliff." Mr. Hancock, after stating that Lord Ravensworth, on the 24th March, 1874, saw a pair of stock doves frequenting the old trees in front of Ravensworth Castle, thus concludes his notice :- "This interesting species will probably become a resident in the district."

The food of the stock dove consists of leaves, seeds, grain, wild berries, acorns, beechmast, &c. It is rapid on

the wing, and when taking flight the pinions are struck sharply together. It is active on the ground, and moves about somewhat like the wood pigeon. The note is a repeated "coo-oo-oo," and is most frequently heard in the morning.

The male stock dove is about one foot two inches long. Bill, pale reddish orange brown, the edges greyish yellow, the bare part round it pale yellowish red; the cere, red, excepting the hind part, which is white; iris, yellowish scarlet; head and crown, bluish grey; neck on the sides, glossy iridescent green and purple red; on the back and nape, bluish grey; chin bluish grey; breast above, brownish purple red, shading off downwards into bluish grey, grey on the lower part and sides; back above, bluish brown, then bluish grey, and on the lower part grey. The wings rather long-two feet two inches in expanse, have the second quill feather the longest, the third nearly of the same length, the first a little shorter; greater and lesser wing coverts bluish grey; primaries, dark leaden grey, the three inner have a large patch of black on the outer webs; tertiaries, bluish grey, the last three with a leaden grey spot on the outer web; greater and lesser wing coverts, grey. The tail, of twelve feathers, and slightly rounded at the end, is bluish grey for two-thirds of its length, then succeeded by a narrow band of a lighter grey, the end dark leaden grey. The female is slightly smaller than her mate, and her plumage less showy.

The turtle dove (Columba turtur) is a native of Africa, but it is found breeding in many European countries from Germany to Italy. It is usually termed the European turtle, possibly to distinguish it from its near relative, the collared turtle (Turtur risorius), which latter is a native of Egypt, Palestine, and other countries.



The turtle dove is of a social disposition, and frequently assembles in large flocks, which fly over wide tracks of country, after the manner of the passenger pigeons of North America.

Mr. Hancock thus refers to the casual occurrence of the

turtle dove in Northumberland and Durham:—"Several specimens of this casual visitant have been killed in the neighbourhood of Newcastle; one was shot on the Town Moor, another at Prestwick Car. On the 17th of May, 1856, a gamekeeper of the late Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart., killed a fine male specimen near Whitburn, Durham. Another occurred near Shotton Colliery on the 12th October, 1870. This species has never been known to breed in either county."

"The voice of the turtle," from which it derives its name, is expressed by the syllables "tur, tur," more or less rapidly repeated. This bird feeds on various kinds of grain and seeds, and has a special weakness for peas grown in the fields, to which it helps itself freely when opportunity offers. The female, Morris states, sits on the young, if the weather be cold, both night and day.

The male weighs about six ounces; length, about one foot. Bill, dark greyish black, the tip of the upper mandible yellowish brown; it is much compressed about the middle, and the tip is hard; inside it is reddish. Iris, bright orange yellowish red, the bare space around it light red-darker than in the female; head, on the sides, yellowish, fading away into the pink of the neck and breast; the crown and neck on the back, light greyish blue; on the sides the latter has a rounded patch of black, each of the feathers tipped with white, surrounded with a tinge of blue; in front it is a delicate light purple red colour, fading off backwards into grey; chin, pale brown; throat and breast, delicate light purple red, bluish grey on the sides; back, greyish brown above, on the lower part brownish in colour. The wings, long and sharp, expand to a width of one foot ten inches. The tail, long and much rounded, has twelve feathers, greyish brown, the two centre ones brown. The female is lighter coloured in plumage, and less in size than her mate.

# North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. James Willis, inspector of mines for the county of Northumberland, died at his residence, Portland Terrace, Newcastle, on the 12th of April.

On the same day, at The Mount, York, died Colonel Whitting, commanding officer of the 14th Regimental District.

The death also took place on the 12th of Police-Superintendent Young, chief clerk in the office of the Chief Constable of Northumberland at Morpeth.

Mr. John Hudson, of the firm of John Hudson & Co., exporters, of Sunderland and Newcastle, died on the 13th of April. The deceased had been educated at the Grange School, Sunderland, under the famous Dr. Cowan, and was an accomplished linguist.

On the 14th of April, Dr. Henry Debord Ward, medical practitioner, and a trustee of the Thomas Knight Memorial Hospital, died at Blyth, his age being 53 years.

The death occurred on the same day of Sergeant Hunter, of Amble, who had been a member of the Northumberland constabulary for twenty-four years.

Mr. Cuthill, stationmaster, died very suddenly at Chollerford Station of the North-British Railway Co. on the 15th of April.

On the 17th of April, Mr. James Watson, race-horse trainer, and a native of Newcastle, died at Belleisle, Richmond.

Mr. John Cuthbert Allison, a prominent member of the Order of Druids, died at South Shields on the 17th of April.

Mr. Peter Stewart Macliver, founder and proprietor of the Western Daily Press, of Bristol, and formerly partproprietor of the Newcastle Guardian, died at his residence, Cotham Park, Bristol, on the 19th of April, at the age of 69. The deceased was a relative of the great military hero, Lord Clyde.

On the 20th of April, there were interred in the cemetery at West Hartlepool the remains of a lady whose name was associated with that of Dickens, the novelist. Mrs. Ann Humphrey, who had died in West Hartlepool a few days previously at the age of 77 years, was the wife of William Humphrey, watchmaker, once of Barnard Castle, but later a resident of Hartlepool. Thomas Humphrey, father of William, occupied a shop in the Market Place at Barnard Castle, opposite to the King's Head Hotel, where Dickens, from its sign of "Humphrey, Clockmaker," took the hint for the title of his work, "Master Humphrey's Olock." (See Monthly Chronicle, 1887, pp. 237, 390.)

On the 19th of April, Mr. Christian John Reid, J.P., senior partner in the old-established firm of Reid and Sons, jewellers, Grey Street, Newcastle, died at Oakfield, Benwell. He was 74 years of age.

The death was announced as having taken place at St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, on April 6th, of Mr. Thomas H. Glenny, the accomplished

actor. Mr. Glenny was born in the Low Bridge, Newcastle, nearly sixty years From his ago. earliest years, seems to have had a great attachment to the stage, of which he became in later life a distinguished ornament. First he was "call boy" at the Theatre Royal : then. as a youth, he began to play minor parts in the Low Black House in Carliol Square, which was under the then management of Mr. J. S. Ireland ; afterwards he accepted an engage-



MR. T. H. GLENNY.

ment with the celebrated Mr. Beverley, who owned or leazed the theatres in North and South Shields; and finally he made for himself a distinct position in the theatrical world of the United States. Our aketch, copied from a photograph in Mr. Ireland's possession, represents Mr. Glerny in the character of Myles-na-Coppaleen in the play of "The Colleen Bawn."

Mr. John Mavor, who since 1848 resided at North Shields, and who left that place with his family only at Easter to take up his residence at Enfield, near London, died in the latter town on the 21st of April. Mr. Mavor conducted schools in North Shields uninterruptedly for many years, and was for some time a member of the Tynemouth School Board.

An announcement of the death of the Rev. John Robert Fleming, Rector of Ilderton, at the age of 59, appeared on the 24th of April.

On the 23rd of April, Mr. John Beckwith, J.P., of Silksworth House, near Sunderland, died, after a few days' illness, at the advanced age of 87. Deceased was a brother of the late General Beckwith, and uncle of Captain Beckwith, J.P., chairman of the Houghton-le-Spring Highway Board. Mr. Beckwith, who was a bachelor, spent a good portion of his earlier life in India.

On the 23rd of April, there were buried at Durham, the remains of James Davis, formerly an organ builder, and afterwards carver and gilder in Rushworth's Picture Gallery, in that city, who had died at the advanced age of 91 years.

On the 25th of April, the death was announced of Mr. John Woodman, Wall, North Tyne, a member of the Hexham Board of Guardians, and noted as one of the best farmers in the district.

On the 26th of April, there were interred at Shincliffe, the remains of Mr. William Brown, a somewhat eccentric character, known, from his trade, as "Butcher Brown," who had died at the age of 72.

An announcement appeared on the 27th of April of the death of Dr. Spear, who was for some time Medical Officer of Health for the Borough of South Shields.

Mrs. M. G. Collingwood, wife of the Mayor of Middlesbrough, died at her home at Linthorpe, after a lingering illness, on the 28th of April. She was a native of Sunderland, and was 57 years of age.

On the 29th of April, the death was recorded, at the age of 82, of Miss Marjorie Hodge, of St. James's Street, Newcastle, sister of the late Mr. G. W. Hodge, solicitor. The deceased lady was the daughter of the late Mr. Rowland Hodge, who was at one time prominently identified with the wooden shipping industry in Newcastle.

On the same day, the death was reported of Mr. Thomas Cooke, a well-known wool-buyer, of Hexham.

Mr. E. N. Charlton, poor-rate collector for Bishopwearmouth East District, died suddenly on the 29th of April.

Mr. Gabriel Wood, who for thirty years had discharged the duties of stationmaster at Haydon Bridge, on the Newcastle and Carlisle section of the North-Eastern Railway, died on the 30th of April.

On the 1st of May, the death was reported of Mr. Robert Coulson, mechanical engineer, as having occurred in Guelph, Canada, on the 10th of April. Mr. Coulson formerly resided in Newcastle, and went to Canada as a representative of Messrs. Robert Stephenson and Co.,

when the bridges of the Grand Trunk Railway were built. The deceased was 79 years of age.

On the 2nd of May, the death occurred, in his 63rd year, of Mr. James Davidson, senior partner in the firm of John Davidson and Sons, of the Phœnix Flour Mills, Close, Newcastle.

On the 2nd of May, Mr. Elisha Hunter Ryott, who for many years held an important position in the locomotive department of the North-Eastern Railway at Gateshead, died at his residence in that town, his age being 71 years.

On the 3rd of May, the remains of Mr. William Riley, of West Auckland, an ardent sportsman, who had died very suddenly, were interred at St. Helen's Auckland.

Mr. J. M. Milburn, manager of the Durham County Asylum farms, at Sedgefield, died on the 4th of May.

On the same day took place the death of Mr. William Alexander Wooler, J.P., of Sadberge Hall, Darlington, at the age of 79. Mr. Wooler had long been an active man in the public life of the Darlington district, particularly in connection with the Board of Guardians.

On the 4th, there also died, in his eightieth year, Mr. Jonathan Brown, of Pottery Bank, Morpeth, one of the oldest farmers on Mr. Blackett Ord's Newminster estate.

The death was announced, on the 5th of May, of Mr. George Stobart, tailor, Scotswood Road, Newcastle, a gentleman, who, many years ago, was prominently associated with Mr. George Crawshay, and other followers of Mr. Urquhart, in connection with the Foreign Affairs Association.

Mr. John Graham, chemist, one of the oldest tradesmen of Darlington, died in that town on the 5th of May.

On the same day, Mr. John Matheson, who was for upwards of thirty years shipyard manager for Messrs. Andrew Leslie and Co., Hebburn, but who left this district some twelve months ago to take the management of the London Graving Dock Co., Limited, died at his residence in London.

The Most Rev. Dr. Magee, Archbishop of York, also died in London on the 5th of May. His Grace had been ill about a fortnight, and succumbed to the effects of influenza, complicated by bronchitis and inflammation of the lungs. The Archbishop, who was formerly Bishop of Peterborough, and was appointed to the see of York only in January last, was 70 years of age.

On the 6th of May, at the age of 79 years, Mrs. Mary Proud, whose husband, Thomas Proud, was murdered by a man mamed James Welsh, at Newbrough, near Hexham on the 7th of Feburary, 1847, died at Seaham Harbour, where she had lived since the tragic occurrence. The facts of the tragedy may be summarised thus:-Proud had had one of his children christened on the date named. After tea, he and some male and female friends who formed the christening party repaired to the village inn. Welsh and other men were in the house at the same time, and solicited the party to leave some money behind to drink. The request was not complied with, and when the party left the house Welsh followed them, and, it is alleged, molested one of the females. Proud resented the ill-conduct of Welsh, who, in a fit of fury, stabbed him in the neck with a knife, producing a wound so ghastly that Proud reeled but a few yards, when he dropped dead in the sight of his friends, and almost under the shadow of his own home. Welsh was convicted at the Morpeth Assizes soon after, and was hanged at Morpeth gaol during the same year.

On the 7th of May, the death occurred at Durham of Mr. Thomas Hutton, J.P., at the age of 76 years. The deceased was formerly in business as a bookbinder in the city, but retired from business some years since. He sat as a member of the Town Council from 1854 to 1831 without intermission, retiring at the latter date.

## Record of Chents.

## forth-Country Occurrences.

APRIL.

10.-After eleven days' play, the second draughts

tournament held in England was brought to a close, the championship being won by Henry Christie, of Sunderland. Mr. Christie is only twenty-three years of age, but showed remarkable skill in the game from child-hood.

11.—A boiler explosion occurred at Usworth Colliery, in the county of Durham, whereby three men, named Thomas Mitchison, Joseph Armstrong, and William Bell, lost



HENRY CHRISTIE.

their lives, and other two workmen were severely injured. Thomas Tate, one of the sufferers, died on the 17th.

— A meeting was held at Sea Houses, in furtherance of a scheme of railway communication between North Sunderland Harbour and the main line at Chathill.

12.—A young man, named Joseph Walter Blades, aged 20, died at Middlesbrough, from the effects of injuries received in a football match on the previous day.

—Mr. Thomas Ironsides, farmer, Kibblesworth, completed the hundredth year of his age. On the previous day, which was a Saturday, there were great rejoicings in the village in honour of the event, and the old gentleman led off a merry-making dance with his daughter. On the following day, Mr. Ironsides attended service in Lamesley Church, feeling allusion to his presence being made by the Vicar, the Rev. R. W. Snape. (See page 90.)

13.—The Star Hotel, Alnwick, an old historical house, was completely destroyed by fire.

—The annual meetings of the Durham and Northumberland Congregational Ministers and Churches were inaugurated by a service held in Bath Lane Church, Newcastle, the sermon being preached by the Rev. Alfred Norris, formerly of Tynemouth. The following day was devoted to business, the chair being occupied by Mr. Andrew Common, J.P., of Snnderland. The Rev. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, London, a native of Hexham, delivered an address on "Christian Conduct and Service." On the 20th Dr. Parker paid a visit to his native town.

14.—The Rev. James Westwater was ordained pastor of the Bridge Street Presbyterian Church, Blyth. —It was stated that several cases of Russian influenza had occurred in Newcastle and district.

—Mrs. Isabella Jobling, widow of William Jobling, who was executed and gibbeted on Jarrow Slake, in August, 1832, for the murder of Mr. Nicholas Fairles, J.P., died in the South Shields Union Workhouse, at the advanced age of 96 years. (See Monthly Chronicle, 1888, p. 236).

—At Spennymoor, a man named Hardy, otherwise known as "Sailor Jack," shot and severely injured Sergeant Applegarth, of the Durham County Police Force.

—The old Workhouse at Gateshead, and the land connected with it, were privately sold to Mr. Sisson, Newcastle, on behalf of a client, the intention being to use the ground as sites for dwelling houses.

—A presentation of silver plate was made at Bamburgh Castle to the Rev. D. Dixon-Brown, in recognition of valuable services rendered by him to the Crewe Charity and Estates during the past quarter of a century, a silver toilet case being at the same time presented to Mrs. Dixon-Brown.

—A "united religious conference," in furtherance of temperance, was held in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

15.—It was announced that, during the previous few days, the Alnwick Board of Health had been excavating Clayport Street from the Spa Well downwards, in order to bring the chalybeate water to the middle of the town. In the course of excavation, the men came upon the remains of the wall and tower which, about three hundred years ago, fortified the town on the west side against irruptions of the Scots and Border mosstroopers; and about the foundations of Clayport Tower some articles of interest to the local antiquary were unearthed, among them a round ball, about 2½ inches in diameter, roughly made from the basaltic rock which outcrops about Stoney Hills.

—A resolution in favour of the establishment of a free library was adopted at a public meeting at West Hartlepool.

The spring exhibition of the Newcastle, Northumberland, and Durham Botanical and Horticultural Society was opened in the Town Hall, Newcastle. The total proceeds for the two days over which the show extended amounted to £161 10s., or £17 5s. more than last year at the same time.

16.—It was stated that the will of the late Mr. Robert Thomas Wilkinson, solicitor, of Rose Dene, Sunderland, and Holystone, Northumberland, had been proved in the Durham District Probate Division. The personalty was sworn at £45,124 10s. 4d., this being exclusive of all estates in Durham and Northumberland, and also of the ground rents of properties which belonged to the deceased. The testator, in addition to bequests to relatives and friends, and to local charities, left a sum of £10,000 to build a church (furnished with a peal of bells), together with a vicarage house, in connection with the Church of England. Provision was further made for an annual endowment of £300.

—Mr. G. T. France, late chairman of the Gateshead School Board, was presented with a silver tea and coffee service, a cheque for £100, and an illuminated address, in recognition of his services to the town.

—Mr. J. M. Oubridge was elected chairman of the Newcastle Board of Guardians.

17.—The mail steamer Britannia, belonging to the fleet of the Halvorsen Line, sailed from the Tyne

with a party of British journalists for a short tour in Norway. An extraordinary reception awaited the visitors at Bergen, where they were entertained in princely fashion by Mr. P. G. Halvorsen. Convoys of steamers met and accompanied them through some of the majestic fjords of the country; flags floated from all the ships in the harbour; bands of music enlivened the journey; and salvoes of artillery were fired from the fortress of Bergen. The

MR. C. JURGENSON.

expedition was organized on this side of the North Sea by

MR. P. G. HALVORSEN.

Mr. C. Jurgenson, the Newcastle agent of the Halvorsen Line. Captain Bentzon, the commander of the Britannia, so greatly charmed the voyagers by his courtesy and attention. that they afterwards paid a special visit to his ship for the purpose of presenting him with a handsome testimony of their regard and appreciation.

18.-The new flour mills of the Wholesale Co-operative Society at Dunstonon-Tyne, erected at cost of nearly £100,000, were for-

mally opened by Mr. J. T. W. Mitchell, chairman of the Wholesale Society. One of the engines was named "Equality" by Mr. T. Burt, M.P., and the other "Fraternity" by Mr. G. Scott, chairman of the Newcastle Branch. The party afterwards proceeded down the river, in specially hired boats, to Tynemouth, and were entertained at the Aquarium. The united production

of the mills was esti-

mated at 5,600 sacks

per week.



CAPTAIN BENTZON.

-Mr. Samuel Storey, M.P., was committed for trial, but admitted to bail, by the Sunderland county magistrates, on a charge of perjury under circumstances arising out of the evictions connected with the strike at Silksworth Colliery.

20.-In the Central Hall, Hood Street, Newcastle, the Rev. A. J. Harrison, D.D., Evidential Missioner of the Church Parochial Mission Society, and Lecturer of the Christian Evidence Society, delivered a lecture on "The Right View of Bible Difficulties," being the first of five lectures, on successive evenings, concerning difficulties in religion.

21.-A verdict of wilful murder was returned by a coroner's jury at Crook against Mrs. Rebinson, a woman who, apparently in a state of mental aberration, had hanged her infant child.

-The Cleveland miners agreed to a reduction of 5 per cent. in wages.

-Miss Colenso, daughter of the late Bishop of Natal, delivered a lecture, in the Liberal Club, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, on "England and the Zulus." Mr. F. W. Dendy presided.

22.—The foundation stone of a new Presbyterian Church, to cost about £8,000, was laid in North Bridge Street, Sunderland, by Mr. James Westoll.

-Dr. R. Spence Watson presided at the annual meeting of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society. The report stated that, although there were four lectures fewer, the total attendance during the past session had risen from 27,900 to 31,047.

23.-This being St. George's Day, the usual celebrations took place at the Newcastle Barracks, where the depot of the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers was stationed. St. George being the patron saint of the regiment.

-The Rev. Dr. Moulton, President of the Wesleyan Conference, preached in Blenheim Street, Newcastle.

-It was decided to form an association to be styled the Newcastle and Gateshead Builders' Association, and Mr. W. C. Tyrie was elected president.

25.-The North-East Coast Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders held a meeting at West Hartlepool, under the presidency of Mr. Wigham Richardson.

-In the course of some excavations at the top of the narrow lane leading from the Palace Green into the Banks just outside the entrance to the Cathedral in Durham, the workmen came upon the old Roman pavement which lay between the Cathedral and the Castle.

-During the Communion service at St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle, the Ven. Archdeacon Martin, of Lindisfarne, formally presented to the Cathedral, as a memorial of the late Mr. Charles S. Saunders, for many years collector of H.M. Customs at Newcastle, an office for the Holy Communion, written and illuminated after the Lindisfarne Gospels in the British Museum, and bound in ancient oak from the bed of the Tyne.

26,-A handsome new Wesleyan Church, which owed its existence to the generosity of the late Mr. Joseph Robinson, of Etal Villa, North Shields, was opened in that town by Dr. Moulton, President of the Conference. The church was erected to the memory of Mr. Robinson's daughter, the wife of Mr. James Joicey, M.P.

27.-A serious fire occurred at the oil and grease works of Messrs. Theo. Phillips and Co., North Road, Middlesbrough, the damage being estimated at £1,500.

25.-A strange marriage ceremony took place at South Shields. A circus curiosity, a little woman 32 inches high, was joined in matrimony to a man who stood upwards of six feet in his stockings! Another "monstrosity," who had to sign the register by holding the pen between his teeth, he having no arms, gave the bride away. Accompanying the party was an "American giantess" weighing 44 stones, as also a couple of men measuring 7 feet 10 inches and 29½ inches in height respectively. The bride and bridegroom and their friends were connected with a travelling menagerie and circus.

-It transpired that, on the occasion of the recent census in Newcastle, Catherine O'Hara, living with her



CATHERINE O'HABA

son in Turner's Entry, Wall Knoll, Pandon, was returned as being 103 years old. The old woman, who is a widow, is totally blind and partially deaf, but she is able, when spoken to loudly, to understand the questions put to her. Mrs. O'Hara seems to have come of a longlived race, for her father, John Conway, is reputed to have died at Glasgow at the extreme

age of 103 years, and she is stated to have had an uncle who died at the Head of the Side, Newcastle, when he was 104 years old. (See page 95.)

28.—Mr. Robert Laidlaw Dunford, late chairman of the Newcastle Board of Guardians, was entertained to a banquet in the Continental Restaurant, Grainger Street, by the members of the Board and other friends, as a mark of their appreciation of the services rendered by him during his term of office. Mr. J. M. Oubridge, who succeeded Mr. Dunford in the chairmanship, occupied the chair.

—The annual conference and meeting of the Newcastle and Gateshead Auxiliary of the United Kingdom Alliance were held in the Central Hall, Newcastle.

29.—It was announced that Mr. Thomas Stamp Alder had been appointed postmaster at the Northumberland Street post office, Newcastle, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Field.

—It was stated that a letter, from Australia, bearing the simple address "Uncle Toby, England," had safely, and apparently without any delay, reached its destination at the Newcastle Weekly Chronicle Office.

—A Horticultural Mutual Improvement Society was formed in Newcastle.

—The Rev. Canon Greenwell was re-elected President of the Durham and Northumberland Archæological and Architectural Society.

—A fire broke out in the hold of the steamer Tynesider, belonging to the Tyne Steam Shipping Co., while that vessel was proceeding down the river Tyne on a voyage to London.

30.—Mr. Henry Tennant ceased to be general manager of the North-Eastern Railway Company and became one of its directors. (See page 136.)

—At the annual meeting of the Boys' Summer Camp, under the presidency of the Mayor of Newcastle, the report of the hon. secretaries stated that the society had been the means of giving a healthful and invigorating holiday to 166 boys of Newcastle, and 85 of Gateshead, being an increase of 79 on the total of the summer

of 1889. The balance sheet showed a balance in hand to the amount of £76 4s. 6d.

#### MAY.

 At a special meeting of the North-Eastern Railway Company at York, it was resolved to issue additional stock to the extent of £1.550,000.

—A fire, attended with great destruction of property, broke out in the shipbuilding works of Martinez-Rivas-Palmer (the last-named representing Sir C. M. Palmer, M.P.), at Bilbao, in Spain.

2.—A married women named Mary M'Laughlin, met with her death under circumstances of violence at Sunderland. James Collins and Elizabeth M'Govering, nephew and aunt, were charged with the murder.

—A collection of 111 lots of water-colour drawings and pictures, the property of the late Mr. Bolckow, M.P., of Middlesbrough, were offered for sale by auction in London, and the total sum they realised was £69,380.

—A demonstration, under the auspices of the Tyneside and National Labour Union, was held at Jarrow, but towards the close of the meeting considerable confusion and uproar prevailed. On the following day (Sunday), what was called a Labour Day Demonstration was held in Newcastle, and here, too, the proceedings were of a very disorderly character.

3.—A special gospel temperance mission was opened in the Central Hall, Newcastle, by Mr. Matthew Burnett, the "Father Matthew of Australia."

4.—It was stated in a local paper that a live toad without a mouth, and with a deformed leg, was said to have been found in Hutton Henry Pit, at a depth of forty fathoms.

—At a meeting of the Watch Committee of the Gateshead Corporation, Mr. John Elliott tendered his resigna-



tion as Chief-Constable of the borough. Mr. Elliott, who was born at Castleton, Cleveland, in 1823, was brought up to the tailoring trade; but, coming to Newcastle, he

drifted into the police service, and was for many years chief of the detective department, before his removal to Gateshead.

—At a meeting of the Committee of Management of the Newcastle Hospital Fund, it was reported that the total sum realised on behalf of the medical charities in October last had amounted to £4,551 10s. ld.—the largest collection in the history of the fund.

—At the Gateshead Police Court, Catherine Dunn, a widow, was committed for trial, but admitted to bail, on a charge of having caused the death of her daughter, Anastasia, by throwing a poker at her on the 18th of

5.—Mr. Arnold Taylor, of the Local Government Board Office, held an inquiry at Stockton as to an application by the Corporation for power to borrow several sums of money for public purposes.

-It was announced that Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., had been appointed by the Prince of Wales one of the governors of the Imperial Institute.

—In the Court of Appeal, judgment was given in the case of Stuart v. Bell, which was originally tried before Mr. Justice Wills and a special jury at Leeds, when a verdict was given for plaintiff with £250 damages. The action was brought for alleged slander, the plaintiff being at the time valet to Mr. H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, and the defendant Mr. Thomas Bell, then Mayor of Newcastle. The decision of the Court below was now reversed, and the appeal allowed with costs.

6.—The first concert of the Northern Musicians' Benevolent Society was given to a large and fashionable audience in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

—At the spring session of the Iron and Steel Institute in London, the Bessemer Gold Medal was awarded to Lord Armstrong for his eminent successes in connection with the iron and steel industries.

7.-On the occasion of Ascension Day, the quinquennial survey of the boundaries of the river Tyne was made in barges and steamers by the Mayor and Corporation of Newcastle. An unusual degree of interest was attached to the proceedings on account of a communication which had been read at a meeting of the City Council on the previous day from the Department of Woods and Forests, setting up a claim on behalf of the Crown to the foreshore on both sides of the Tyne. The ceremony, however, was carried out in the usual way, and the following proclamation was read by the Town Clerk at Spar Hawk and Hedwin Streams :- "O yes, O yes, O yes! Proclamation is hereby made that the soil of the river Tyne, wherever covered with water between Hedwin Streams and Spar Hawk, is within the city and county of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and belongs to, and is within the jurisdiction of the Mayor, aldermen, and citizens of the said city and county. Dated this 7th day of May, in the year of our Lord, 1891.-J. BAXTER ELLIS, Mayor; HILL MOTUM, Town Clerk." The aquatic excursion was joined by representatives of all classes of citizens, and the Recorder of Newcastle, Mr. W. Digby Seymour, who was among the guests on board the Mayor's boat, expressed his conviction that the right of the Corporation of Newcastle to the foreshore of the Tyne rested on a sound and solid basis.

—The crew of the Sunderland iron steamer Skyro, who arrived in Portsmouth from Spain, reported that on the 26th of April, when off Gandia, their vessel was destroyed by coming into collision with what appeared to be a stray torpedo.

7.-The late Mr. Robson, of Corbridge, bequeathed to



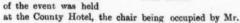
SIR M. E. GRANT DUFF.

his nephew "his old mahogany desk, with the contents thereof." After his death the bureau was found to contain banknotes and valuable securities, and the question was to-day raised before Mr. Justice Chitty whether the nephew was entitled to the securities. His lordship decided in the affirmative.

8.—In the presence of a large and influential assemblage, the new in-

stitute recently formed out of the former Presbyterian

Church at the Barras Bridge, Newcastle, for the Tyneside Geographical Society, was inaugurated by Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, President of the Royal Geographical Society. Earl Percy presided, and among those present were the Mayor, the Sheriff, the Bishop, the Vicar, as well as many other prominent citizens of Newcastle, including Mr. G. E. T. Smithincluding son, the hon, secretary of the society. At six o'clock in the evening, a dinner in celebration





EARL PERCY.

Albert Grey, Sir M. E. Grant Duff being among the guests. At a later heur, Mr. Grey, accompanied by the vice-presidents and council, held a reception in the hall of the nstitute, where there was a splendid collection of geographical curiosities on exhibi-

The Hon. T. H.
W. Pelham, the commissioner appointed by the Privy Council, held an inquiry at South Stockton with reference to the petition for the



MR. G. E. T. SMITHSON.

grant of a charter of incorporation to the parish of Thornaby.

-It was found that the miners of Northumberland had, by ballot, refused to accept a proposed reduction of 32 per cent, in their wages.

9.—There was launched from the yard of Palmer's Iron and Shipbuilding Company at Jarrow, the clipper-stem screw steamer Francisco Crispi, one of the five vessels to be built by the firm for the Italo-Britannica Steamship Company, an under taking subsidised by the Italian Govern-Among those present on the occasion were Count Tornielli, Italian Ambassador, and the Countess Tornielli, who, on their arrival in Newcastle on the previous day, were officially received by the Mayor, the Sheriff, and other official representatives of the city.

-Washington Hall, in the county of Durham, was formally inaugurated, under the designation of Dame Margaret's Home for Waifs and Strays. The institution, at whose disposal Sir Lowthian Bell had generously placed his mansion and grounds, owed its origin to the efforts of Miss Watson, of St. Thomas's Street, Newcastle, and her friends connected with the Prudhoe Street Mission Rooms and Schools, the first home being a house in Ashburton Crescent, Gosforth. The Mayor of Newcastle presided over the interesting proceedings at Washington, and the opening ceremony was performed by Sir Lowthian Bell, after whose late wife the new home is named. (See page 46.)

10.—The grand organ, built by Messrs. T. C. Lewis and Company, Limited, for St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle, was opened by the first of a series of special services, the preacher being the Bishop of Derry, the Right Rev. William Alexander, D.D. Dr. E. H. Turpin, organist of St. Bride's Church, London, presided at the new instrument.

## General Occurrences.

### APRIL.

12.—Serious disturbances occurred at Bradford in connection with the strike at the Manningham mills, owing

military and police.

15.-Death of Captain G. H. Mackenzie, a distinguished chess player, who was born near Aberdeen in 1837. He defeated Herr Anderssen in a chess handicap in 1862. The following year, he es-



poused the cause of

the North in the American Civil War. In 1865 he settled in New York and became known as a skilful chessman. He won the first prize in every American tournament in which he competed, and in the European jousts was frequently a prize winner. His greatest performance was the winning of premier position amongst the twenty-three competitors in a match at Frankfort in 1887. Captain Mackenzie visited the North of England in October, 1889, when he played a series of simultaneous games at Sunderland and South Shields. Our portrait is reproduced from a photograph by Messrs. Downey and Sons, of South Shields, taken at the time of his visit.

19.-Mr. Peter Stewart Macliver, proprietor of the Western Daily Press, died at Bristol at the age of 69. He was at one time part proprietor of the Newcastle Guardian.

18.—Captain Edmund Hope Verney, R.N., M.P. for North Bucks, was arrested upon his arrival in London from the Continent on a charge of having committed offences under the Criminal Law Amendment Act. At. the trial on May 6 he pleaded guilty to having conspired to procure a young woman for immoral purposes, and was sent to prison for twelve months.

23.—The result of an election in Mid-Oxfordshire was declared as follows :- Mr. G. H. Morrell (Conservative), 4,448; Mr. Benson (Gladstonian Liberal), 3,760.

23.-Mr. Goschen submitted the Budget for the year to the House of Commons. He announced a surplus of £2,000,000, and stated that it was the intention of the Government to devote it to the establishing of free education, to the building of barracks, and towards covering the cost of the withdrawal from circulation of light gold.

23.—The ironclad Blanco Encalada was sunk by Chilian Government torpedo boats in Caldera Bay, Chili. Two hundred lives were lost.

24.-A Parliamentary election took place place at Whitehaven, resulting as follows :- Sir J. Bain (Conservative) 1,338, and Mr. Shee (Gladstonian Liberal) 1,105.

26.-Count Von Moltke, the great German strategist, died suddenly at Berlin, in his 91st year.

#### MAY.

- 1.-Industrial demonstrations were held on the the Continent. In France and Italy serious disturbances
- 3.-A demonstration was held in London by the labouring classes in favour of the eight hours movement.
- 3.-Mr. Barry Sullivan, the popular tragedian, died at Brighton, aged 67.
- 5.-The Rev. William Connor Magee, D.D., Archbishop of York, died in London, aged 70.
- 6.-The result of a Parliamentary election in the Stowmarket division of Suffolk was declared thus:-Mr. L. Stern (Liberal), 4,346; Mr. E. W. Greene (Conservative), 4,132.
- 9.—The result of a Parliamentary election for Harborough Division of Leicestershire was declared as follows:-Mr. J. W. Logan (Gladstonian Liberal), 5,982; Mr. Gerald H. Hardy (Conservative), 5,493.
- 10.-Mr. Cunninghame Graham, M.P., who took part in a Socialist demonstration at Calais, was arrested the same night, and expelled from French territory.



CAPTAIN MACKENZIE.